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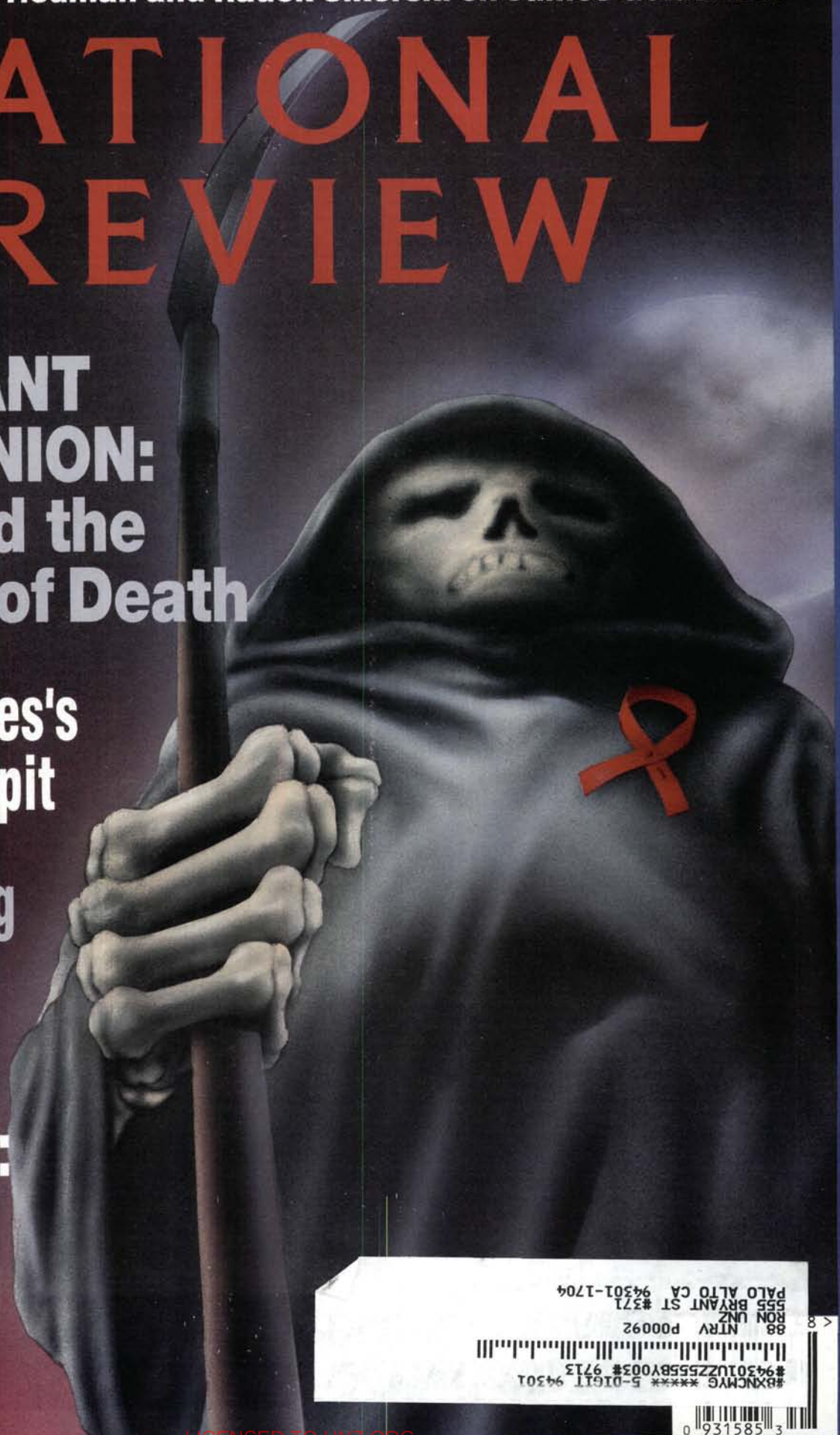

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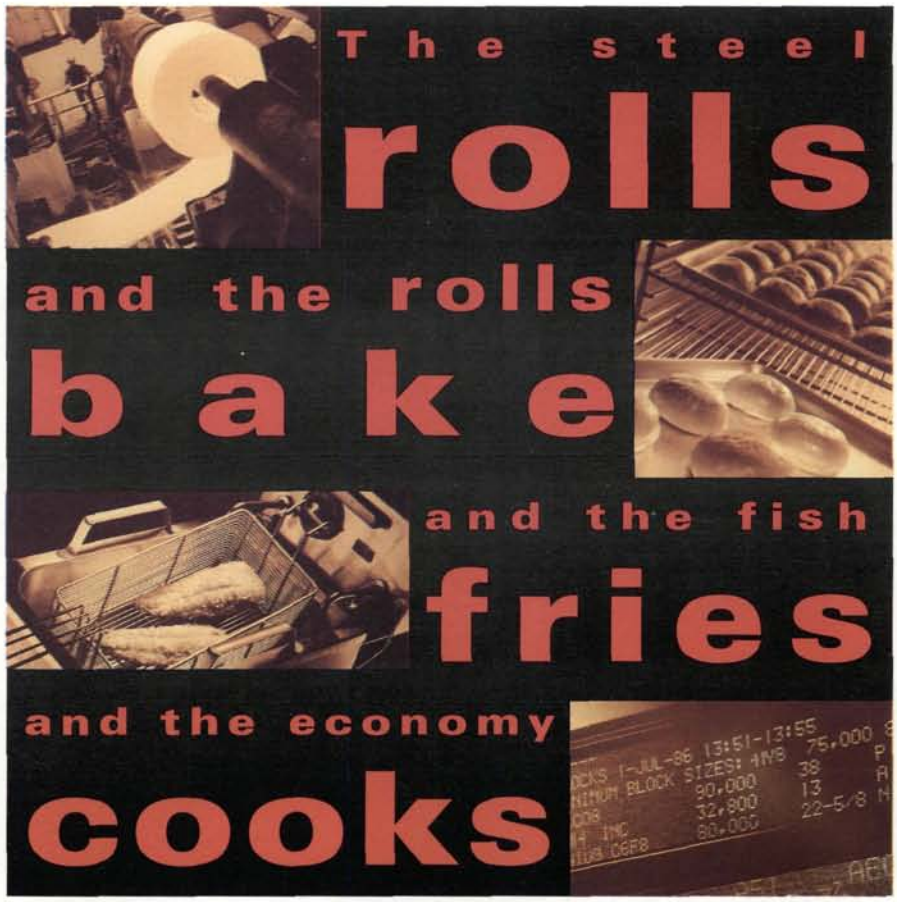

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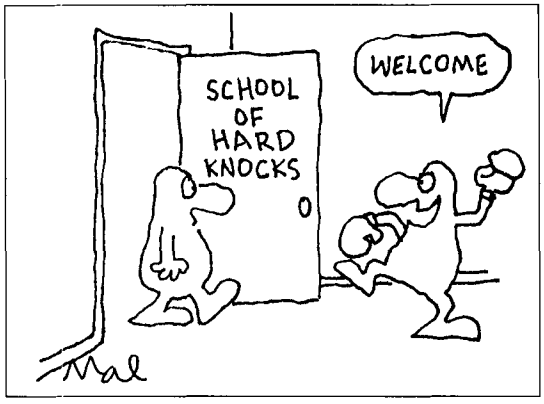

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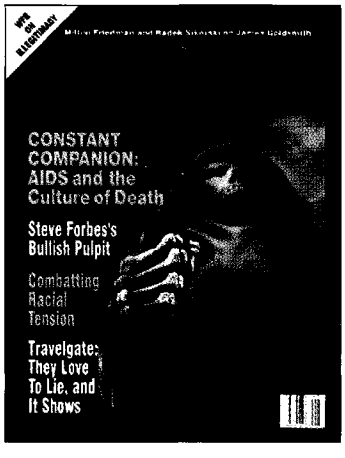

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LETTERS

Long Live the King

In "The Gimlet Eye" [Oct. 9] Quentin Letts's lighthearted look at monarchy underestimates the value of the institution. Without the restoration of the Spanish monarchy in 1975, and the resultant influence of King Juan Carlos, the country could not have been transformed into the stable, prosperous democracy it now is. A similar process is under way in Cambodia, which restored its monarchy in 1993, following a free vote by its people. Uganda's President Museveni has wisely responded to a widespread wish by allowing the country's traditional monarchies to be re-established, with evident benefits.

It is not surprising, therefore, that other nations want to return to the monarchical system that served them so well in the past. Only last month an opinion poll in Georgia resulted in 50 per cent "voting" for the monarchy to be restored, even though it ceased to exist in 1801, and the Royal Family has only just been able to visit the country for the first time since the Russian Revolution in 1917. If this result were repeated in a formal plebiscite, the Georgians' Royal Head of State would be in place with a higher approval rating than that which has been enjoyed by several American Presidents.

Donald Foreman
The Monarchist League
London

Black Hope

In "The Week" you comment on Colin Powell's presidential prospects ["Great Black Hope," Oct. 9], saying he "is no grievance peddler." You then quote him, reacting to his encounter with segregation in the late Fifties: "If I was going to be confined to one end of the playing field, then I was going to be a star on that part of the field . . ." You conclude: "This credo, formulated at the time of the Montgomery bus boycott, suggests an alternative to the civil-rights movement—clearly a superior alternative to the black-power pork barrel the movement quickly became."

The casual reader might infer from this that: a) in your view, the effort of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and others to overturn Jim Crow was "grievance peddling"; b) the nobler course for blacks would have been to work within the constraints of a second-class citizenship, rather than to seek equal rights; and c) Powell, by determining to do his best under difficult conditions, agreed with b). Could this possibly have been what you meant to say?

The difference between "pork-barrel" special pleading, on the one hand, and securing the equal protection of the laws, on the other, is very great indeed. I would have thought that, even while objecting to what the civil-rights movement has become, you could find some daylight between the two.

Glenn C. Loury
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

Professor Loury has caught us in an overly cryptic elision. The casual reader might well make the inferences he outlines. Obviously, that class of reader does not include Professor Loury. —ED.

The O.J. Verdict and the Law

Your editorial "Murder Most Foul" [Oct. 23] provided some of the best analysis of the O. J. Simpson verdict. But I think you did not quite grasp the true significance of that verdict. It demonstrates the critical condition of the law in modern America. We have been schooled to believe that governments are instituted to protect life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. And so they are. But underneath those grand headings they also have a more mundane function—to mete out punishment to the guilty.

Since ancient Greece we have known that government must prosecute murder so that private citizens won't. Basic ethics demand that all murderers be brought to justice. This could be done by individuals or the state. But if individuals do it, a cycle of revenge sets in. The state, by contrast, treats murder as a crime against society rather than against an individual. That way the relatives of the murderer's victims have justice, but because all concerned are members of the society, no cycle of vengeance can begin.

Hence the significance of the breakdown in our criminal law. And the Simpson case is indicative of a larger trend. The Menendez brothers were not convicted; the murderers of Rabbi Kahane and Yankel Rosenbaum walked free. Perhaps procedural safeguards for the rights of the accused have become so onerous that they vitiate the central goal of the justice system. Perhaps juries have simply lost the moral courage to convict people of capital crimes. Whatever the cause, one can make a strong case that government in the United States is failing in one of its central duties.

John Adams wrote that "it seldom happens . . . where you know the man who has done you the injury, that you can get no satisfaction by law; and if such a case should happen, nothing can be clearer than that you ought to sit down and bear it." He did not indicate, however, the course one ought to take if such situations become common. When philosophers like William Bennett speak about "de-civilization" in America in past decades, they usually mean the breakdown of families and values. The Simpson case illustrates that they ought to look at the law as well.

Richard Samuelson
Charlottesville, Va.

Slavery Today

Permit me to add detail to Minoo Southgate's "Slavery Ignored" [Oct. 23]. It is not only black leaders and liberal journalists who have failed to act against the enslavement of African blacks by Arabs. Practically every member of the anti-apartheid coalition is AWOL in this battle, as are advocates for women's, children's, and human rights, including Christian groups.

The majority of slaves are women and children, and many Sudanese slaves are Christians forcibly converted to Islam. When PBS aired the debate between the Nation of Islam and black abolitionists, it ran footage of captured Christian children in chains, beaten, in Sudanese "Koranic schools." Apartheid was horrible, slavery more so. Where's the Left?

The NOI controversy arose when black journalists returning from NOI-sponsored tours to Khartoum wrote that slavery and human-rights abuses did not exist there. In New York, these people were shamed by abolitionists in the black press.

The case of Mauritania may be even more problematic for NOI than that of Sudan. Mauritanian Africans converted to Islam hundreds of years ago, so the 90,000 people the U.S. State Department reports are human property of Arabo-Berber Muslims are in fact black Muslims. NOI spokesmen (Farrakhan himself has been mysteriously silent on the issue) do not deny the existence of slavery in Mauritania, and do not explain their longstanding silence about these shunned brothers.

We appeal to *NR*'s readers to join the fight to end modern-day slavery.

Charles Jacobs
American Anti-Slavery Group
Somerville, Mass.

Editor's note: Letters of 200 words or fewer have a greater chance of being published.

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FROM THE EDITOR

The Old Devil

■ Kingsley Amis was one of the funniest men I have ever met. His comic novels were, of course, falling-off-the-sofa funny—not just *Lucky Jim*, as the clod-hopping obituary in the *New York Times* implied, but also *That Uncertain Feeling*, *I Want It Now*, *Jake's Thing*, *The Old Devils*, and (with Robert Conquest) *The Egyptologists*. A scene in the last in which two fake Egyptologists completely rout a real one in a television debate should be required reading in media-studies courses. (It won't be, of course.)

In private life, he was a brilliant mimic capable of uncanny special effects. His "FDR giving a wartime speech, heard indistinctly over a wavering short-wave radio," had his listeners reaching to turn the volume up or down.

His rightward turn had begun on education, where he warned against increasing student numbers: "More will mean worse." But it quickly spread to everything else (and made him an occasional *NR* contributor).

It is best expressed in *After Goliath,* where David first enjoys the discomfiture of the other side (*aldermen, adjutants, aunts / Administrators of grants* . . .), but has second thoughts when he contemplates his own supporters:

> *Academics, Actors who lecture,*
> *Apostles of architecture,*
> *Ancient-gods-of-the-abdomen men,*
> *Angst-pushers, Adherents of Zen* . . .

Kingsley's evolution into a Tory curmudgeon was, in part, an exercise in self-parody. But it also expressed his real conviction that second-rate apparatchiks and dogmatic experimentalists were ruining literature. They took their revenge in reviews of his later books.

He was too combative, versatile, and prolific—comic novels, serious novels, genre novels, criticism, poems, anthologies, screenplays, memoirs, even restaurant reviews—to be seriously harmed by these attacks in his lifetime. But they have colored some of the obituaries.

So we will be publishing a full assessment of the Old Devil and his works in a forthcoming issue.

■ Whenever Ross Perot appears on television to announce his latest *coup*, my invariable reaction is to regret that he's not Dana Carvey.

The real Ross Perot doesn't zing out so many daffy one-liners; there are long patches of boredom when he explains his views; and he is not as intensely Perotian as the great comedian.

There may be a solution here for the GOP, threatened as it is by Mr. Perot's formation of a third party. Let Republicans form a *fourth* party with Mr. Carvey at its head. Let him trail around the country after his victim, imitating Mr. Perot's pithy speeches on the topics of the day. Then sit back and wait to see who wins the box-office battle.

My money would be on Mr. Carvey. He's simply got more star quality.

And after Mr. Carvey has disposed of the Perot threat, what next? I wonder if he does a good Colin Powell.

■ Last year, we cited some examples of the anti-Christmas *Kulturkampf* in the nation's public schools. There was the Brooklyn school where the children were required to sing a traditional Christmas song thus: "All I want for the holidays is my two front teeth."

Then, Father Sirico of the Acton Institute told us of a school where children, while allowed to dress as little devils for Halloween, were sent home for attempting to wear angel outfits.

Finally, in the Scarsdale public schools, there was an entire "holiday blackout," affecting both Christmas and Hannukah (but not the New Class holiday of Kwanzaa). The ban included not just Santa Claus and Christmas trees, but also "Jingle Bells," "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer," and even . . . *candy canes*. (They represent the staff of Christ, apparently.)

Doubtless, the bureaucrats will be fending off similar threats to the U.S. Constitution this year. So a prize—the usual bottle of bubbly—will be given for the most ludicrous example of resistance to the Christmas spirit. Cheers.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

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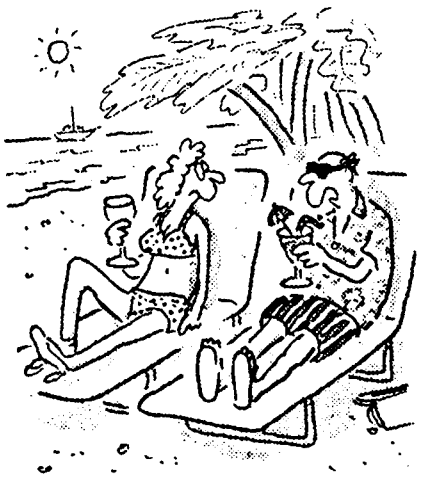
FOR THE RECORD

■ There was more agonizing on the Right over **Colin Powell**. **Pat Buchanan** warned of party split if Powell won nomination: "I think you'd have right-to-life parties sprouting all over the country. You'd have Christian Coalition folks breaking loose." . . . American Conservative Union gathered 11 conservative activists to denounce Powell at Washington press conference. Said ACU chairman **David Keene**, a **Dole** backer, there's no reason "why any conservative would want to sacrifice the work of decades on the altar of political celebrity." Supply-sider **Jeffrey Bell** argued party split would make a Powell "general-election candidacy a surprisingly weak one." Missing from conference was Christian Coalition executive director **Ralph Reed**, who nonetheless had sharpened criticisms of Powell in recent weeks. "It's going to be very difficult," Reed said, "for him to win the support of those [pro-family voters], if not impossible." . . . **Bill Bennett** retorted: "There is a conservative establishment too, which is frankly going a little bonkers right now because the grass-roots, the individuals, people who actually vote happen to like Colin Powell." . . . *Wall Street Journal* poll found 28 per cent of self-identified conservatives supporting Powell, 41 per cent Dole. . . . **Arianna Huffington**, got into a nasty spat with Dole campaign over her criticisms of Senate Majority Leader; she accuses Dole camp of attempting to blackmail her into silence. . . . Dole maintains a Powell run in GOP primaries would send conservatives his way: "You can't have three or four horses in the race when you've got somebody else jumping in. My view is that would be helpful to me." . . . Polls showed Powell getting 33 per cent support in New Hampshire primary, with Dole at 18 and all other candidates at 5 or less.

■ **Marjorie Margolies Mezvinsky**—generally considered to have lost Pennsylvania congressional seat over her vote for **Clinton** 1993 budget—reacting to President's mea culpa concerning his first two years in office: "Oh, my." . . . Clinton's backpedaling from his mea culpa, followed by statement, later denied, to columnist **Ben Wattenberg** that he had "changed philosophically and missed the boat" during first two years of Presidency, are dispiriting to Hill Democrats, already feeling tension with White House over 1996 election strategy. "What he said last week is not the problem. It's what he might say this week. We have a hard time trusting him," says one congressional Democrat. . . . According to *New York Times*, White House consultant and sometime Republican **Dick Morris** "openly and forcefully" ridiculed Clinton while advising Republican candidates in 1994. Quips **Charles Krauthammer**: "In Morris, Clinton has found the only man in America with fewer principles than he has."

■ Thirty Russian "businessmen" headed by Deputy Prime Minister **Oleg Soskovets** visited **Fidel Castro**, the first major delegation in four years trying to refurbish Cuban ties. The Russians toured unfinished nuclear plant and listening post that monitors U.S. communications. . . . It was supposed to to be a gala anniversary for France's *crème de la crème*, the *enarques*, graduates of Ecole Nationale d'Administration, set up 50 years ago October by Gen. **Charles de Gaulle** to replace corrupt collaborationist civil servants. But Prime Minister *enarque* **Alain Juppé**—facing terrorist outbreak, rising unemployment, roaring feud with Finance Minister *enarque* **Alain Madelin**—was evicted with family members from subsidized apartment. . . . Japanese Prime Minister **Tomiichi Murayama**'s shaky coalition accepted Justice Minister **Tomoharu Tazawa**'s resignation after accusations he took a bribe from a Buddhist group to oppose own government's effort to tighten anti-terrorist controls. . . . Former Japanese Prime Minister **Kiichi Miyazawa** says Tokyo entering new phase in its relationship with China, which might end with Japan going nuclear, then South Korea and Taiwan following suit. . . . Bavarian Governor **Edmund Stoiber** has asked state's legislature to write new law permitting display of crucifixes and crosses in public schools after German federal courts struck old one down. Munich's **Friedrich Cardinal Wetter** said such a ban had existed only twice in German history, under Nazis and East German Communists. . . . Hong Kong's controversial Gov. **Chris Patten** called for Britain to give residence permits to Colony's 3.2 million holders of limited British passports, instead of only 50,000 announced earlier, when China takes over in 1997.



Matt-Rotheo

"I'd better go—I told my wife 266 days ago that I was on the O. J. Simpson jury."

■ The National Journalism Center, which offers media training within traditional-values context, is accepting applications for its winter session, beginning Dec. 18. Deadline for applications: Dec. 1. Contact **M. Stanton Evans** or **Mal Kline** at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002: phone 202-544-1333, fax 202-544-5368. . . . **Gary Bauer**'s Family Research Council is bringing libertarians and social conservatives together (Dec. 13, Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C.) to discuss alternatives to welfare state. Speakers include **David Frum**, **Michael Novak**, **Marvin Olasky**. For info call 800-225-4008. . . . NATIONAL REVIEW's **Rich Lowry** will be debating *Mother Jones*'s **Jeffrey Klein** live on-line on question "Has the Republican agenda gone too far?" 9 P.M. Wednesday, Nov. 15 (http://www.loci.com).

■ Good news from Million Man March. Because of October 16 no-shows at *Federal Register* office, number of regulations issue for three days after the march fell by half.

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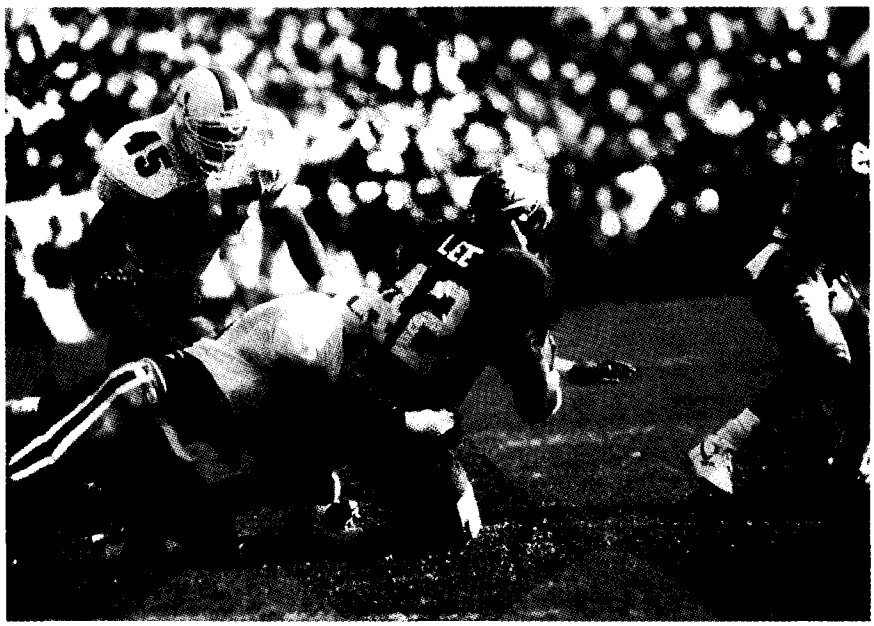
Turning Dreams into Realities



The "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program encourages student athletes to take the lessons learned on the football field today and teach children in the classrooms tomorrow.

Encouraging Student Athletes to Become Teachers

During his three years as nose guard on Louisiana State University's football team, John Mawae came to know the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. But nothing moved him more than working with disabled children in a Special Olympics held at LSU. "Seeing those kids realize their dreams against all odds really got to me," Mawae recalls. "I knew then what I wanted to do: help kids like them realize their dreams."

Mawae will get that chance, thanks in part to the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program created by the College Football Association (CFA) and sponsored by Hitachi, Ltd. Started last academic year, the program awards $335,000 in scholarships at the 67 CFA member universities. At each university, a $5,000 scholarship is awarded to an outstanding senior or graduate student who intends to become a teacher and has participated in the school's football program as a player, trainer, or manager. Mawae, a 1992 scholarship recipient, intends to use his grant to pursue a career teaching kids with special needs.

"Teaching plays an important but undervalued role in society," says Charles M. Neinas, the CFA's executive director. "We'd like to encourage more student athletes to pursue this field, because we think that what they learn on the football field helps to make them effective teachers in the classroom."

Nicole Hagner, a recent University of Pittsburgh graduate, agrees. "Athletics teaches you that it's possible to turn the right dream into a reality through hard work, discipline and teamwork. I'd like to bring that lesson to the classroom," she says. Hagner, who served as a student trainer on Pitt's football team, plans to use her grant to become certified as a high school biology teacher.

Nicole Hagner, University of Pittsburgh graduate and 1992 scholarship recipient.

As college football fans and parents of school-age children, we are proud to be a part of the "Hitachi Promise of Tomorrow" scholarship program. We hope that it helps more student athletes like John and Nicole to realize their dreams of becoming teachers.

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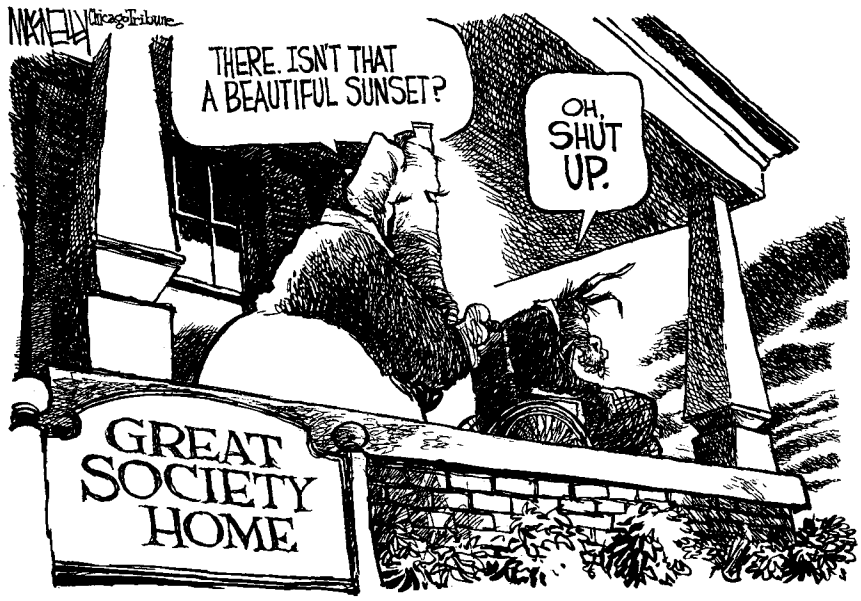
THE WEEK

■ The Dole campaign accuses Sen. Gramm of using Jimmy Carter tactics. We don't know what this is all about, but we know mud when we see it flung.

■ The end of the "revolution"? Not exactly. The results of the November 7 elections offer no signs of a Democratic resurgence. Democrats barely held onto the Kentucky governor's mansion and the Virginia State Senate—both of which they have essentially owned since Reconstruction—by mobilizing their base with scare talk about Newt Gingrich and GOP budget cuts. Republican voters, meanwhile, appeared to suffer from complacency, an almost inevitable reaction to 1994. The GOP momentum has unquestionably slowed. But the inertia had set in months ago, especially in the U.S. Senate. A Republican Congress elected to reshape American politics has left its contours remarkably unaltered: so far, no tax cuts, no welfare reform, no end to affirmative action, no regulatory relief—in short, no tangible benefits for Middle America. So who needs more Republicans? If the elections are taken as proof that the GOP has gone "too far"—if they prompt Republicans to back off before any of their agenda has become law—voters will inevitably be asking the same question next year.

■ In a partial-birth abortion, the infant is pulled feet first from his mother's womb while the head is kept just within the uterus; the abortionist then punctures the infant's skull and suctions the brain out. (You can understand why pro-abortionists would rather talk about "choice" than about these grisly realities.) By a vote of 288 to 139, the House of Representatives passed a bill to ban this vile procedure—and, in the process, shattered the myth that social issues are tearing Republicans apart. In fact it was Democrats, not Republicans, who were split. If the Senate follows the House's lead, President Clinton will be forced to choose between enraging his most vocal supporters and defending the indefensible. Abortionists are already enraged: in the words of one *New York Times* story, "Most of the doctors interviewed said they saw no moral difference between dismembering the fetus within the uterus [and] partially delivering it, intact, before killing it." They are, of course, correct.

■ The debate among conservatives over Colin Powell was already burning nicely when Bill Bennett threw gasoline on the fire with some ill-chosen words on abortion. Social-conservative activists had criticized him for speaking favorably of Gen. Powell despite his pro-choice position, and Mr. Bennett blasted back. "Holding onto the chimera of a constitutional amendment to outlaw abortion (the means) has done nothing to reduce the number of abortions (which ought to be the end)." Pro-lifers would do better, he argued, to support presidential candidates who would talk about "teen abstinence, adoption, crisis-pregnancy centers, individual responsibility, and the importance of a civilization's common moral code." Finally, he maintained that proponents of a Human Life Amendment, to be logically consistent, should advocate applying the penalties for first-degree murder to doctors who perform abortions and women who procure them. Mr. Bennett's empirical claim is debatable: abortion rates have fallen over the last decade and a half, and surely the cultural impact of the campaign for the HLA had something to do with that decline. He errs more seriously in describing anti-abortion laws as merely a means to an end. The "right" to take a life unjustly would remain a blot on the nation's conscience and its lawbooks even if nobody chose to exercise it. And abortion laws, contrary to his assertion, never invoked penalties equivalent to those for first-degree murder. Mr. Bennett's proposed alternative—a lot of talk about consensus virtues—is striking in its timidity. Polls continue to show strong public support for substantial abortion regulation; pro-abortion intellectuals are in retreat; and pro-lifers have scored significant political victories—most spectacularly in 1994, when not a single pro-life incumbent of either party lost an election to a pro-choice candidate. Given these trends, pro-lifers would be better advised to *escalate* their demands than to settle for an agenda that Hillary Clinton could happily endorse.



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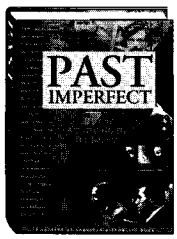

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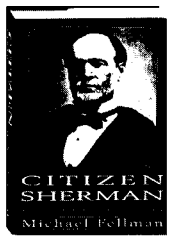

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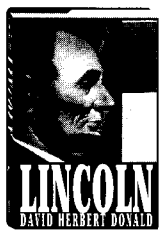

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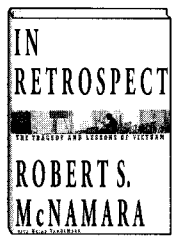

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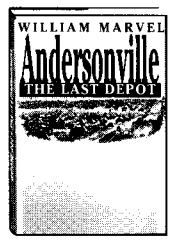

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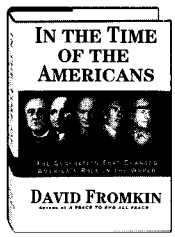

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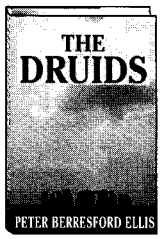

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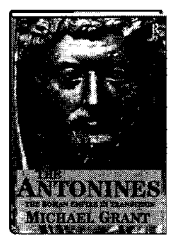

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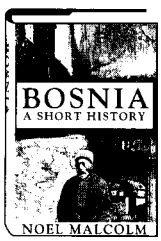

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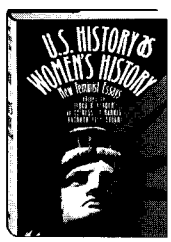

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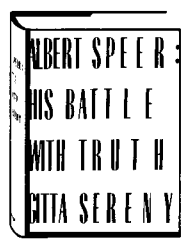

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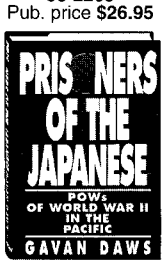

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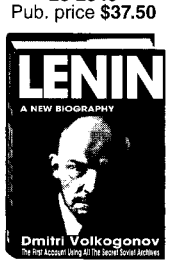

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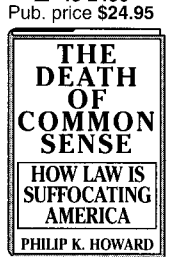

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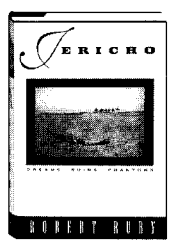

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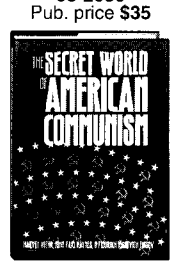

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■ If this is part of a sequel, *The Book of Easy Virtues*, Mr. Bennett should be warned that it will be a long, long volume.

■ Rep. James Saxton (R., N.J.) is House Chairman of the Joint Economic Committee (JEC), responsible among other things for producting studies that illustrate the benefits of Republican policies like, oh, balancing the budget. So it was no small embarrassment when Saxton, who enjoys a safe congressional seat and hence has no discernible need to pander, voted against the House GOP's budget and Medicare plan, despite a last-minute deal that sent an extra $750 million to his state. (Surely the House leadership can find a JEC chairman who actually votes the way his committee's literature reads.) New Jersey Rep. Dick Zimmer, who plans to run for Bill Bradley's Senate seat, deserted the GOP too, laying to rest any doubts that he would be an additional Senate roadblock to Republican reform. A roadblock like Maine's William Cohen, who after extracting concessions on regulation of nursing-home care and other matters still voted against the Senate Republican budget because he couldn't in good conscience vote to cut taxes. But all this looks almost statesmanlike in comparison to Pat Buchanan's new radio ad attacking GOP Medicare reform as "cuts" unfair to the elderly, a particularly naked bit of opportunism from a politician who prides himself on principle. Maybe the next Contract with America should propose career limits.

■ Why is Sen. Barbara Boxer participating in the Whitewater oversight hearings? Her daughter, Nicole, is married to Hillary Clinton's brother Anthony. Nicole Boxer Rodham, therefore, is Hillary's sister-in-law. Perhaps this explains Sen. Boxer's blind defense of Bill and Hillary throughout the Whitewater hearings. But it does not explain why her colleagues tolerate what most people would consider a serious conflict of interest. One wonders what former Sen. Bob Packwood thinks of Sen. Boxer's conduct.

■ In case it slipped by you, Saddam Hussein won re-election in Iraq with a comfortable 99.5 per cent of the vote. The other 0.5 per cent were members of his family who defected to Jordan.

■ "For thirty years, Ottawa's federalists have claimed successively that the Quebec separatist dragon did not exist, that its jaws were not open, that it was not going to swallow anyone and—now—that Confederation will escape by hanging onto its tonsils." *NR* said that last year about the complacency that greeted the Parti Québecois's victory in the provincial elections. After the stunningly close vote in the October 30 referendum on sovereignty (see page 32), the Ottawacrats are hanging onto the dragon's tonsils by their fingernails. Even more significant than the overall squeaker was the 60 per cent vote for the *Yes* cause among French-speakers, a margin of victory that a referendum on American independence probably could not have achieved in New England in 1776. A nation is in quest of a state in Quebec, and Premier Jacques Parizeau was only being realistic when, in his much-denounced concession speech, he pointed out the anomaly that this quest is being frustrated only by the province's English-speaking and immigrant minorities. Naturally, he has been excoriated by the Ottawacrats' Canadian mouthpieces and by their liberal soulmates here. More surprising is to find the usually sensible Charles Krauthammer, in the November 3 *Washington Post*, decrying the breakup of Canada over "an issue as relatively trivial as language." There could be no better measure of the extent to which even some of America's conservative intellectuals have lost sight of the ethnic and cultural realities that constitute a sense of common nationhood. Except, of course, for our own immigration and language policies.

■ U.S. Army medic Specialist Michael G. New is before a court-martial because he refused to don United Nations insignia when his unit (of the 3rd Infantry Division) was assigned to peacekeeping duties in Macedonia. He had served meritoriously before, including a tour in Kuwait last year, but he balked at exchanging

The Week in Verse

As budget deadlines loom, the *GOP*
And *Clinton* face each other—and agree!
As one retreats the other will advance
In this new governmental country dance.
Advised by *Morris*, *Bill* attempts likewise
To figure out how to apologize.
He's taxed too much? Neglected "values" more?
Sorry, he's not sure what he's sorry for.
One thing he holds without prevarication,
And that's the virtue of "triangulation"—
From where he sits, the apex of his dreams,
Both *Newt* and *Gephardt* look to be "extremes."
A plague o' both their houses! He's rejected
Mere politicians to be re-elected.
Thus from "officials," slightly indiscreet,
We hear the dreadful *Dems* turn up the heat
To make him kill the welfare bill he's backing—
As if there were a chance of his backtracking!

In Canada, by less than 1 per cent
Quebec the joys of sovereignty forwent,
Although the pundits, Francophone and Brit,
Agreed, *bien sûr!* that next time she would split.
Down South, the Series shocked the PC crew
As *Cleveland* and the Indians' *Chief Wahoo*
Were scalped by *Atlanta*'s warlike Braves,
four games to two.

—Juvenal

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his U.S. Army insignia and status for the UN blue helmet and for the nebulous status of serving under UN command. His rationale is that he swore allegiance to the United States, not to the United Nations. Now, individual GIs cannot be allowed to make decisions of high policy. But policymakers ought to make better decisions. The Clinton Administration's infatuation with multilateralism long ago went over the top. If we want to be in Macedonia, we should be there under the red, white, and blue. And New should be reassigned to Alaska, not court-martialed.

■ NATO has been searching for a new Secretary General since Willy Claes stepped down to face charges in connection with a Belgian bribery scandal. The real scandal, as *NR* was among the first to point out, was that Claes held the position in the first place. In the early Eighties, the Belgian Socialist had opposed deployment in Europe of U.S. Pershing II and cruise missiles (NATO's response to the Soviet SS-20s), which should have disqualified him. Good riddance. Now, the leading candidate to succeed Claes is Ruud Lubbers, a Dutch Christian Democrat and former prime minister who supported the Euromissile deployment. He is a firm Atlanticist. The Clinton Administration, showing the strategic judgment for which it is so famous, supported Claes to the end and has been resisting Lubbers—apparently because European NATO members have openly favored him, and Washington does not want to have a staunch pro-American foisted on us by a bunch of pesky foreigners.

■ President Clinton ran a new, wholly unexpected Core Belief up the flagpole, confessing that he had raised taxes too much. Next day, after the Democratic establishment had voiced shock and dismay, Mr. Clinton's Core Belief was back to being "very, very proud" of the tax increase, and life returned to normal.

■ "The ultimate logic of a market economy is the gangsterization of culture. . . . The marketplace . . . is an extension of the laissez-white supremacy. . . . Same as those with homophobia, keeping trapped the humanity of gay brothers and lesbian sisters." No, this is not a scene from *Dead Presidents*. It is the racio-economic stylings of Cornel West—liberal flavor of the month—at the 25th anniversary celebration of the Catholic-funded Campaign for Human Development. For the last several years, drawing on reports from the Capital Research Center, we have been writing about the antics of CHD, which funds gay-rights activists, pro-abortionists, and radical feminist nuns—all in the name of empowering the poor. In the words of one such activist pondering his good fortune: "My God! I can't believe they're funding that here." Yet Catholics continue to pony up for this organization amid denials from pastors and bishops that, as Catholic readers report to us, go something like this: "What do you expect from a bunch of conservatives?" We are glad to see that fallacies like the *ad hominem* are still taught in Catholic seminaries, but disturbed that they seem to be given as exercises. This year, when the basket comes around for the Campaign for Human Development, just refuse to participate in the "gangsterization" of Catholicism.

■ Three relics of one of those Arcadian Indian civilizations so cruelly snuffed out by the Spanish Empire were uncovered by scientists on an Andean mountain peak. Frozen and perfectly preserved, they had been killed by Native American priests as a sacrifice to the gods of Mount Ampato. It was an Inca thing. You wouldn't understand.

Breathing Hard

In Dayton, famous for its scales,
Sits Mr. Holbrooke, who exhales
Like Grendel in her fetid fen,
But whether even he can pen
The parties up until they sign
(In blood, please) on the dotted line
Accounts for Mr. Clinton's plight,
Inhaling on the Hepplewhite.

—W. H. VON DREELE

America's Son

"THIS IS a magnificent country; I am proud to be one of its sons," said Gen. Colin Powell in pulling himself out of the 1996 presidential race. His withdrawal—by turns dignified, witty, and modest—showed what a powerful candidate he would have made. Yet there are good public reasons for thinking his decision the right one, even if he may reasonably consider running sometime in the future.

Those reasons were not the ones advanced by those conservatives who had opened up on Powell in the last week of his non-campaign. "Conservatives who are booming the Powell candidacy have taken leave of their senses," said Republican national committeeman Morton Blackwell. They "want to sacrifice the work of decades on the altar of political celebrity," said David Keene, chairman of the American Conservative Union. "Is power the motivator?" asked James Dobson, of Focus on the Family. "If so, it will sour and turn to bile in your mouth." These shots brought return fire. "Silly," said GOP national chairman Haley Barbour. "Chest-thumping childishness by portly conservatives,"

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said short, sharp William Kristol of *The Weekly Standard*. The dignity of Gen. Powell's withdrawal made all of this seem Lilliputian.

What next for Gen. Powell? He announced that he was a Republican, and not surprisingly. On foreign policy and defense, he is plainly in the Republican mainstream. And, more generally, the GOP is simply the party of adults these days. The Democratic Party is a collection of shrinking and increasingly radical interest groups, and a handful of unidea'd hacks like Dick Gephardt. Gen. Powell's experience in the military establishment gave him numerous chances to study their fecklessness at its worst. No wonder he wants nothing to do with them.

Yet what sort of a Republican is he? The attacks on him, however carping, were not baseless. Like a man returning to the country after a long absence abroad (in his case, in the apolitical land of military service), he often seemed unaware of how the political debate has developed over the last twenty years. He professed to be gratified by the number of Rockefeller Republicans he had discovered. There are about three of them left, and they all worked for him (including his co-author, Joseph Persico). Gen. Powell's opinions, as he has been vouchsafing them, were unformed or, where formed, oddly out of date.

Tax cuts have been a matter of almost theological intensity within the GOP during the last 15 years. The reason is the proven connection between proper tax policy and economic expansion. Gen. Powell has said nothing beyond bromides in this area, and a reasonable suspicion must be that he has given little thought to this debate. He has said more about affirmative action—that some form of it should be preserved—but he can't leave it at that. And he must be made aware that there are sound moral and social reasons for opposing it—not to mention political reasons. If he winds up campaigning for the Republican ticket—or is even persuaded against his will to take the second slot—it may well be at the same time that the California Civil Rights Initiative, a referendum to return the state to race-neutrality, is on the ballot. Would he oppose a conservative ballot measure in the nation's biggest, bellwether state?

His remarks on welfare reform, slight as they have been, suggest that he does not realize the damage that current welfare policies have done to the poor, particularly the black poor. That is why those conservatives, like Charles Krauthammer, who supported Gen. Powell as a racial healer despite his weakness in this area, have embraced a contradiction. The black underclass cannot be lifted up until welfare has been seriously reformed. Gen. Powell must address this problem in his own mind before he addresses it publicly.

In justifying his position on gays in the military, Gen. Powell has pointed out that the matter is now before the courts. But does he have any thoughts on *how* the courts should rule?

Colin Powell joins Arlen Specter and Steve Forbes as prominent pro-abortion Republicans. Arlen Specter deliberately baits the pro-life and Religious Right segments of the conservative coalition; Steve Forbes proposes a list of restrictions on abortion to mollify them. Gen. Powell has so far not even made up his mind on the question of federal funding. He has got to engage in a serious conversation with religious conservatives, so many of whose values he seems to embody.

In weighing the candidates who remain in the race, conservatives must bear in mind two principles. One, borrowed from Spike Lee, is to do the right thing. Addressing the problems of America requires correct analysis of them. Symbols are not short-cuts to solutions. If Gen. Powell offers only that, then he has only a very limited role in the political arena. Other candidates will have to do the hard thinking. The other principle is to support the rightmost viable ticket. "The worse, the better," was a slogan of Lenin's; it is appropriate only for wreckers and fanatics. It will be three months before any real Republican casts a real vote. There is plenty of time to judge both electoral appeal and ideological soundness of Gen. Powell's erstwhile rivals. But conservatives should also use that time to persuade the General, whose upbringing and career have exhibited many of the conservative virtues, of the truth and justice of conservative policies. Who knows, we may even succeed. And that could prove important down the line.

One task that Colin Powell can perform in public life is one that he has already begun: providing an example of achievement and assimilation for black Americans. Powell got to the top of his profession, with plenty of friendly legs-up but also with a lot of hard work, and he has said over and over that he considers himself an American first, an African-American second. Powell is the Million Man March minus racism, black nationalism, and numerology: something that anyone who is neither a liberal, nor Louis Farrakhan, should welcome.

Colin Powell is now in a position to lead black Americans into full participation in American society. He can do so, paradoxically, because he will not be playing a partisan role over the next few years. America is proud to have him as one of its sons.

Death of a Soldier

WHEN Yitzhak Rabin was Israel's ambassador to Washington in the early 1970s, he got into hot water with liberal American Jews by letting all and sundry know that he preferred Richard Nixon to George McGovern and that he supported Nixon's policy in Vietnam. Rabin the strategist knew that a small country which relied on America for its survival had the greatest stake in America's stead-

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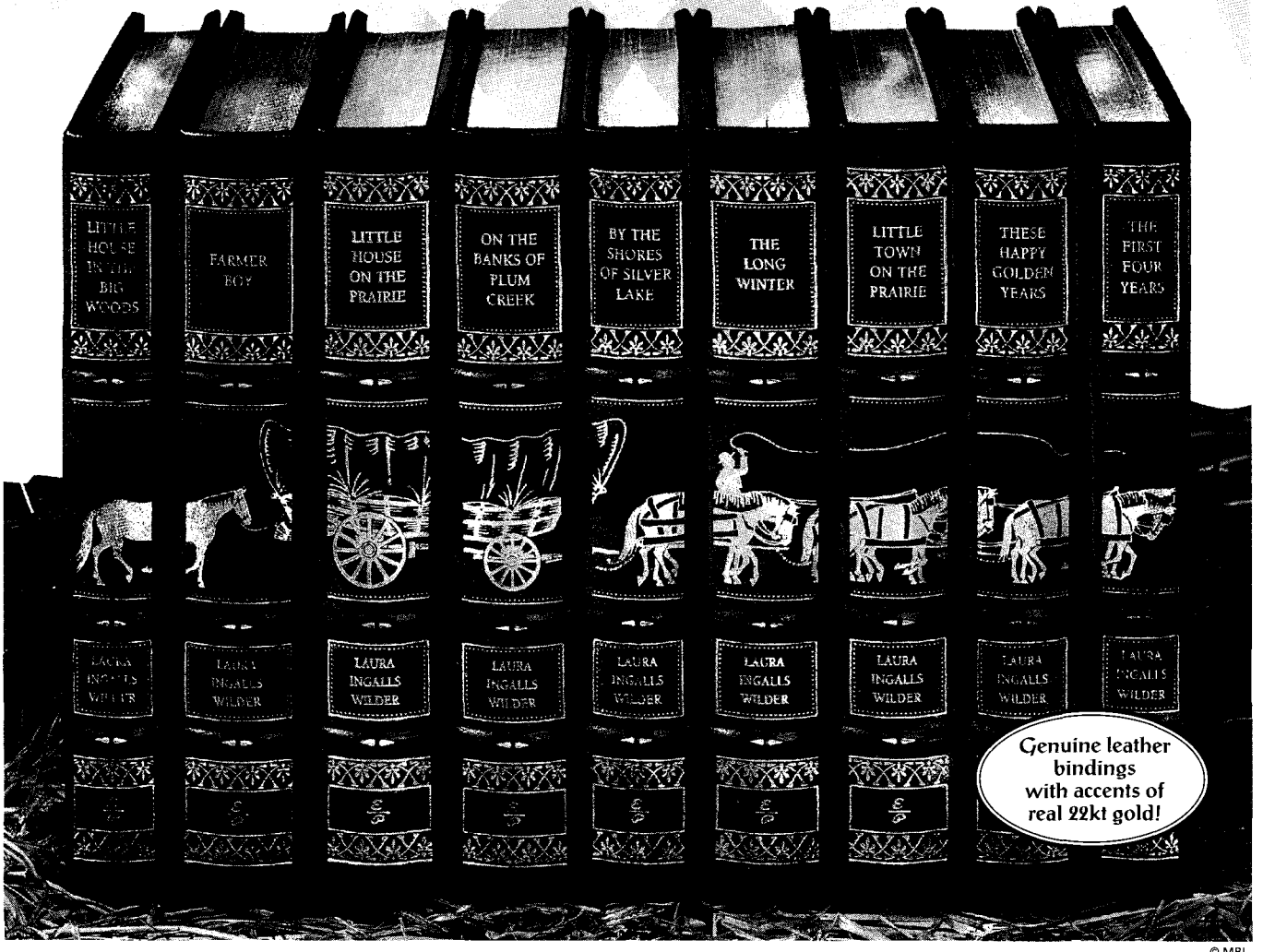

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fastness. And Rabin the blunt ex-soldier had little talent for concealing what he really thought.

Rabin as the prime minister of Israel showed the same realism and the same integrity. He remained a staunch friend of the United States and was always eager to coordinate Israel's strategy with ours. His support for the peace diplomacy with the Palestinians, Jordanians, and Syrians was the product not of sentimentality, as it was for some of his colleagues, but of a strategic analysis: that Israel was now able to negotiate from a position of strength; that the diplomacy would enable Israel to split the coalition of its enemies, to break out of its international isolation, and to consolidate relations with its immediate neighbors so as to position itself the better to resist new threats that came from a different quarter (namely, Iraq, Iran, and Islamist radicalism). As a military man and a war hero—he saved Jerusalem during the 1948-49 War of Independence and he was Chief of Staff in the triumphant Six-Day War—he could defend the diplomacy with a credibility that reassured an anxious Israeli public, while his vision of Israel's strategic opportunities was bringing the country into a new era immeasurably strengthened.

He was of the second generation of Israel's leaders, so long in the shadow of the founders (Ben-Gurion, Eshkol, Meir, Begin, Dayan, Allon). But now Israelis and Arabs alike, staring into the void created by his assassination, could suddenly see how he had dominated the scene, how profound had been the challenge he faced, and how much his country's fate hung on his

RIGHT DATA

Death Taxes

SOAK the rich? How about drown the very rich? That's what Washington tries to do with estate taxes. Since 1987 estates of $600,000 and up have faced tax rates ranging from 37 per cent at the low end to 60 per cent at the top. The tax confiscates vast sums from a relative handful of heirs.

In 1989 (the latest year for which detailed data are available) the 250 estates valued at $20 million and above paid nearly $2 billion in estate taxes, an average payment of $7,936,508. These large estates accounted for just 0.5 per cent of all taxable estates, but 22.2 per cent of estate-tax payments. By contrast, estates in the $600,000 to $1 million range were far more numerous (52 per cent of all taxable estates) yet paid a mere 4.4 per cent of revenues.

Estate-tax collections in 1994 came to $15.2 billion, or about 1 per cent of total federal revenues.

Yet many economists feel this tax actually loses money. A couple, for example, can now transfer $20,000 per year to each child without incurring any gift-tax liability whatsoever. Since children are usually in a lower tax bracket, Washington collects less tax on income thrown off by these assets. Charitable donations are another popular technique of avoiding taxes. Eighty per cent of charitable bequests made by decedents with estates over $300,000 are designed to lower estate-tax liability, according to economist Douglas Bernheim. Charities, of course, are tax exempt. The revenue loss from such transactions ranges from 80 cents to a dollar on the dollar, according to Bernheim.

Perhaps the most painless dodge is to simply stop accumulating wealth. A successful businessman, one who created a corporation worth, say, $25 million, faces an effective estate-tax rate of 55 per cent. No one wants to give more than half the fruits of his lifework to the government. Indeed, that degree of disincentive is equivalent to a doubling of personal-income-tax rates, according to a Tax Foundation study. At these rates the Laffer curve declines rapidly.

Had we eliminated the estate tax back in 1971, economic output in 1991 would have been $46.3 billion, or 0.8 per cent, higher. In a detailed simulation of the U.S. economy without estate taxes, George Mason University economist Richard Wagner also found 228,000 more jobs. Its repeal in 1971 would have produced a cumulative $21-billion rise in federal revenues by 1991, as forgone estate taxes were more than replaced by higher income and payroll taxes.

Beyond economics is the question of fairness. Small farmers, unlike the corporate behemoths, can't escape estate taxes through sophisticated stock transactions. Family businesses are also vulnerable. In order to pay the tax, many heirs have to borrow funds or sell the business. According to some estimates, nearly three-fourths of all inherited businesses fold or are broken up because of the tax burden.

Legislation backed by Senators Dole and Roth would focus estate-tax relief on family businesses and farms. Their bill would exempt up to $1.5 million ($3 million for a couple) from taxation, while cutting estate-tax rates on the excess by 50 per cent. Following the Contract, the House would extend relief to a broader group of taxpayers, raising the exemption for all estates to $750,000 in 1997, and indexing it to inflation afterward.

Treasury officials regard estate taxes as a fairly benign form of redistribution. The Congressional Budget Office apparently concurs. According to the CBO a 50 per cent cut in the estate-tax exemption—to $300,000—would raise an additional $18 billion over the next five years. They still don't get it.

—Ed Rubenstein

I'd Rather Be in Philadelphia

(1989)

Estate Size	Returns	Average Tax	% of Taxes	% of Wealth
$600,000 to $1 Mil.	26,093	$15,329	4.4%	22.8%
$1 to $2.5 Mil.	18,488	120,079	24.7	31.0
$2.5 to $5.0 Mil.	3,677	467,773	19.0	14.2
$5.0 to $10.0 Mil.	1,411	1,091,425	17.0	10.8
$10.0 to $20.0 Mil.	453	2,538,631	12.7	7.1
Over $20.0 Mil.	250	7,936,508	22.2	14.1
All Taxable Estates	50,372	$179,252	100.0%	100.0%

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courage and leadership. In his absence, Israeli politics is dangerously unbalanced, poised between those who yearn for peace but cannot so sure-footedly reconcile it with Israel's security, and those who fear that the diplomacy undermines Israel's security but have no coherent alternative to offer.

Rabin was no more a natural politician than he was a natural diplomat. Even more than the stereotypical sabra, he masked an inner shyness and sensitivity with a gruff exterior. In an earlier term as prime minister (1974–77) he was a failure; by his own later admission he alienated friends and lost the confidence of his party. His weakness for alcohol and cigarettes left admirers in mind of what President Lincoln said about General Grant, but also secretly praying for his health. He was a man who tried very hard to be unlovable, but at this too in the end he failed, as the shock and grief at his murder have so stunningly demonstrated. —PWR

Clinton the Inconstant

The King of France marched up the hill
Then down again just once, but Bill
Has flipped and flopped and crossed his eyes
So many times, the Beltway flies
No sooner settle for a bite
Than flip-flops force another flight,
So think how every flop and flip
Affects the party's lower lip.

—W. H. von Dreele

Polymorphous Perversity

On THE *Jerry Springer* show, a hefty woman with pumpkin hair and a prominently missing tooth, named "Peaches," tells her boyfriend she wants to "get physical" with another lady. On *Ricki Lake*, Brenda from Indiana, with a variety of missing teeth, berates her son-in-law for something or another, finally getting so worked up she bends over and points her posterior at his face. On *Sally Jessy Raphael*, a 13-year-old boy called "Rocky," in lipstick and a red party dress, explains why he enjoys dressing like a girl, while his mother weeps nearby.

If it weren't for William Bennett and Sen. Joseph Lieberman, adults who work for a living might have remained blissfully unaware of what TV networks are up to each weekday from nine to six. The custom of daytime talk shows in the Nineties is to round up "guests" who are engaged in some bitter dispute with each other, usually over a perverse sexual habit—either that, or create the dispute right there on the show by confronting a dupe with his loved one's oddest preferences. The guests then battle it out, with the expectation that, on an episode of *Jerry Springer* or *Sally Jessy Raphael*, security guards will have to restrain at least one guest from physically attacking another.

On this spectrum, Oprah Winfrey, who interviews Loni Anderson for an hour and affects a professorial look with little black glasses, represents the extreme high-brow end.

In urging a letter-writing campaign against the shows, Messrs. Bennett and Lieberman have raised the obvious objections—including that 6 per cent of the people watching daytime TV are under 11 years old. Miss Raphael replies that her own program is a kind of modern "morality play" which really encourages wholesome behavior. Well, while the main effect of such programming may not be to rouse 13-year-old boys to don lipstick and dresses, what it does is almost as bad. Daytime talk drastically raises what you might call the nation's Shock Threshold. Anyone who has watched, for instance, Geraldo Rivera's interview with a 16-year-old girl who "says she's bisexual and needs sex all the time" will find it harder to reject other kinds of behavior that are wrong but less extravagantly perverted: like conventional adultery.

A further point Messrs. Bennett and Lieberman have not made is that the shows offer a window on the future of diversity-dominated America. These talk shows are the only national forum in which blacks, Hispanics, and trailer-park WASPS freely join together with the ground rules drawn from Diversity Theory. No thought or desire is ruled out as unacceptably perverse. Yes, studio audiences often voice disapproval of the weirder sex acts, but their apparent puritanism is quickly lost in the wild cheers that greet an expression of lust or hatred if it is sufficiently passionate and loud.

Depressingly, there is a huge national taste for such stuff, and enough unscrupulous media businessmen to cater to it. Good luck, Mr. Bennett and Sen. Lieberman. You'll need it.

NOTES & ASIDES

Don Lipsett, RIP

DON LIPSETT came to NATIONAL REVIEW when we were only a few months old, asking for work not because he cared especially to be associated with a magazine, but because he cared to associate with the conservative movement. He was very young (26), blond, quiet in manner, quick to smile but

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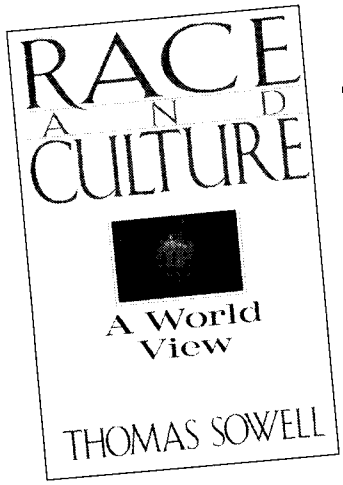

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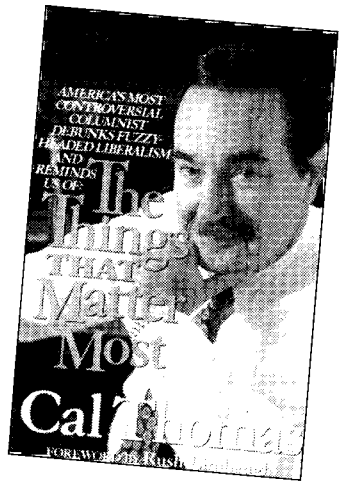

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- Do societies force segregation—or is it natural, voluntary?
- Why do some ethnic groups quickly move up from poverty while others stay? How government subsidies for the poor and newly arrived make progress MORE difficult.
- Why some discrimination is rational and necessary. And there's plenty more where that come from.

THE THINGS THAT MATTER MOST

by Cal Thomas

Cal Thomas' syndicated column is now carried by nearly 400 newspapers across the country—more than any other Christian conservative columnist. His latest book is a manifesto—with the endorsement of Ronald Reagan, William J. Bennett and George Will. Principal themes:

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I decline, along with everyone in the room, to assume that an event designed to celebrate the achievements of Don Lipsett in any way suggests that his followers intend to weigh less on him, depend less on him, enjoy less the fruits of his enterprise or of his company. It's possible that I have known and worked with him longer than anyone in this company who is not biologically related to him. We were friends in the days of the old *Freeman*, he was with us early in the days of NATIONAL REVIEW. We have met at street corners and Goldwater rallies, at directors' meetings of the Foundation for Economic Education, at founders' meetings of the Philadelphia Society and the Heritage Foundation. I have no doubt that one day at the never-ending file of supplicants approaching the heavenly gates, the Commodore will, in his self-effacing way, be doing the work of the Lord, lightly, deftly, surefootedly singling out that legion of men and women whom he served for so many years as faithful cicerone, warning of the perils of statist idolatry, reminding us to bring this one qualification to the attention of the heavenly gatekeeper, confident that it will atone for a large, if not sufficiently large, body of the heavy sins we bear. And then will the roar of the crowd pass up in mounting volume, *Where is the Commodore*? He is wanted by St. Peter. None of us will be surprised. But pending that reward, he must make do with the only thing we can proffer him here on earth, our gratitude, and our devotion. *—From testimonial to Don Lipsett by WFB at Philadelphia Society meeting, April 1994.*

equally quick to return to his rather melancholy mien, which went well with the pipe he habitually drew on.

We made him assistant to the circulation manager, and dear Don was quite impossible. It wasn't any lack of intelligence or devotion to the job at hand, but a hopeless, organic, anarchic disorganization that might cause him to file a subscriber's request for a change of address in his left shoe.

In due course he left us to work for *The Freeman*, the publication of the Foundation for Economic Education, to help it with its circulation problems. He traveled from one conservative organization to another, doing service for Hillsdale College, for ISI (then still called the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists), for the Heritage Foundation. And one day in 1964, in his obligatorily quiet manner, he suggested to a few of us a need for an organization to which stranded conservative students and scholars and journalists could look for occasional publications and for general meetings, three or four times a year. The decision was made to call it the Philadelphia Society.

It is for American conservatives what the Mt. Pelerin Society is for academic free-marketeers worldwide. Don Lipsett in his absolutely unobtrusive way was the mind behind every one of the two-day meetings, whose agenda has been regularly reported in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW, in recent years by managing editor Linda Bridges. The Society has served as a forum for tight, contentious argument, for lyrical flights of ideological fancy, and for bouts of fine camaraderie among freethinking conservatives, men and women of all ages.

Don Lipsett's powers of persuasion, quietly, sweetly exercised with a smile and a little self-effacement, could wring manna from desert soil. It was, I think, his ability to produce a corporate jet at just the right moment to serve just that emergency which, untended to, would keep a desperately desired guest speaker from appearing to give a speech or lead a discussion that brought him the informal designation of The Commodore. He was so referred to, and finally agreed to go along with the act to the point of emblazoning an admiral's insignia on his stationery. The Commodore never asked too much, which is why when he did ask for something, it was granted as the only alternative to lifelong self-hatred. The Commodore of course did not tell his friends, not even Ed Feulner, that leukemia had been detected, and no one had any advance notice when the news came, last week, that he was gone, probably the most attractive and selfless American to figure so prominently in the revival of the American conservative spirit.

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW extend their condolences to his wife, Norma. **—WFB**

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CAPITAL SCENE

Precarious Peace

PETER W. RODMAN

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE President has dropped a red hot potato in the Republicans' lap—U.S. troops in Bosnia. Shuttle diplomacy in September and October by Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke produced a precarious ceasefire and agreement on a few general principles; real negotiations on the concrete terms of a peace settlement began on American soil on November 1, in the unlikely (but usefully secluded) setting of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio. If the warring parties really do reach a final deal, NATO is pledged to send troops to police it.

Members of Congress learned about most of this in the newspapers, which only intensified an uproar that was probably inevitable anyway. The American public's eagerness to send ground personnel to Bosnia is not evident, yet the Administration has committed itself to sending 20,000 to 25,000 U.S. troops as part of a total NATO force of 40,000 to 60,000. In the House, the GOP freshmen demanded that U.S. troops not be sent without congressional approval, and they wanted this requirement included in the defense appropriation bill; when the leadership dropped it in conference, the freshmen's anger contributed to the stunning defeat of the whole bill. In the Senate, Bob Dole and nine colleagues wrote to the President on September 27 asking blunt questions about the mission, costs, and risks of the operation. Only then did the Administration begin consultations with Congress.

For a time, the Administration had put off the congressional importunings by arguing that there was no peace agreement yet: until the parties agree on a map, with clear "zones of separation" for peacekeepers to patrol, the troop question is moot. (Indeed, the State Department's public prediction that a breakthrough in the talks will take only a "couple of weeks" to achieve is wildly optimistic.) But the Administration was disingenuous in making this argument, since NATO military commanders were already working feverishly on planning for the deployment, under the auspices of Supreme Allied Commander Gen. George Joulwan (a former aide to Alexander Haig in both Vietnam and the Nixon White House). In this case, interestingly, the U.S. military seemed to be putting aside all vestiges of its recent reluctance to get involved in ambiguous commitments; the "Powell Doctrine" was not being applied here. The Pentagon's officially expressed hope, in fact, was to be ready to deploy the peacekeepers "within days" of an agreement. "IFOR" (for "implementation force") was the latest Washington buzzword. The Administration's excuse for not talking to Congress was wearing pretty thin.

Hearings were finally held in both the Senate and the House in mid October, with the Administration fielding its top brass: Secretary of State Warren Christopher, Secretary of Defense William Perry, and Joint Chiefs Chairman John Shalikashvili. They were bombarded by hostile questions from legislators of both parties—especially when they insisted that the President really didn't need Congress's support and was prepared to send troops anyway. The uproar over *this* was quelled only when the President agreed, in a letter to Senator Robert Byrd on October 19, to seek an "expression of support" from Congress.

As of now, the votes aren't there. The leadership has been careful not to close the door, but the rank and file are adamantly opposed to sending troops. This was demonstrated on October 30, when the House voted by the lopsided margin of 315 to 103 for a (non-binding) resolution declaring that a) in the negotiations at Dayton "there should not be a presumption" that U.S. ground troops will participate and b) the President should not send troops without congressional approval. Nearly half the Democrats voted for it too. Speaker Gingrich correctly labeled this a ringing vote of no-confidence in the President. A large group of House members led by Joel Hefley (R., Colo.) have introduced another bill, which would cut off all funding for any Bosnia deployment. That one would be binding.

The Administration faces an uphill struggle. First, it has to get the warring parties to agree on a map (over which, after all, they have been fighting for a few hundred years). Second, it has to convince Republicans (and Democrats) that the resulting deal is both fair to the Bosnians and durable enough to risk sending troops for. Conceivably, if there is a peace agreement, the President will regain some leverage: Congress, if it votes no, will then stand accused of undermining NATO solidarity and the last best chance for peace, and will be saddled with responsibility for whatever mess ensues in Bosnia.

IN THE short term, the Republicans have taken refuge in demanding a set of conditions—robust rules of engagement for U.S. forces; NATO rather than UN command; Russian participation limited to a subordinate role; etc. Congress also wants some hard answers about cost—which the Pentagon estimates at $1 to $2 billion—

Mr. Rodman, an NR *senior editor, is director of National Security Programs at the Nixon Center for Peace and Freedom.*

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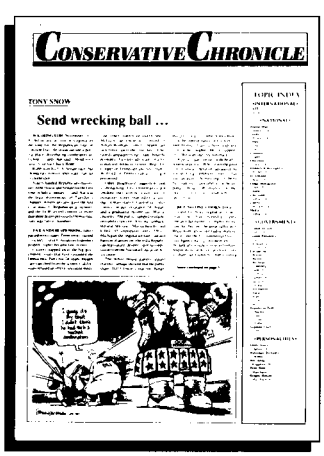

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and how to pay for it. But the Administration may be able to meet most of these conditions.

If the Republicans go this route—that is, setting conditions rather than trying to ban the deployment outright—the trickiest issue will be the demand from some respected conservatives (e.g., Jeane Kirkpatrick, Richard Perle, Paul Wolfowitz) that we lift the arms embargo, and arm and train the Bosnians, to bolster the peacetime balance of forces and ensure a durable Bosnia. How far the Administration can accommodate this demand remains to be seen. The Pentagon has hinted at favoring at least training for Bosnians, to be done ostensibly by "private contractors" while U.S. troops carry out their role as neutral peacekeepers. The contradictions in all this will need to be ironed out, to put it mildly. Meanwhile, the British and French continue to gag at the idea of lifting the arms embargo, and this may be enough to blow away the NATO solidarity which the deployment is supposed to be repairing.

The Republicans were right to ask for a congressional vote. It's not a legal requirement (the War Powers Act is a constitutional abomination), but it is a *political* requirement whenever a big or risky commitment is undertaken. In foreign-policy terms, too, a U.S. commitment in this day and age has a lot more credibility and sustainability if it has congressional backing.

The outcome is now totally up in the air. Three scenarios are in the range of the plausible. First, if the President can produce a decent agreement and make the case for the NATO solidarity, the mood might change and Congress might conceivably support it (under the strict conditions outlined). A second scenario—if the present momentum builds to cut off all funding for any deployment—is a presidential veto (which he could probably sustain) followed by his dispatch of troops in the face of congressional opposition. Or, third, the Congressional leadership may head off a vote on any binding legislation, steering it toward the non-binding variety—again, freeing the President to act on his own. Sending troops without the political safety net of congressional support would compound all the President's risks, both in Bosnia and at home. But that's where he may end up. □

Emptying the Well

RICH LOWRY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IT WASN'T long after freshman Rep. David McIntosh (R., Ind.), former head of Vice President Quayle's Competitiveness Council, returned to Washington that he got a reintroduction to the self-perpetuating ways of government. "There were a lot of radical environmental groups who were fighting against what we were trying to do [on regulatory reform]," he recalls. "One day we received a copy of an EPA memo written to a lot of these groups, saying, You need to oppose essentially what the Congress is doing in regulatory relief. [We] started to find out most of the people on that memo received grants, and the EPA gives out around $100 million a year in grants. What became obvious was that they were energizing their grant recipients to lobby against Congress on that issue."

Nine months later, McIntosh's effort to do something about it—together with Reps. Ernest Istook (Okla.) and Bob Ehrlich (Md.)—has branded him a callous enemy of groups like the American Heart Association and the Girl Scouts and made him the center of one of the more drawn-out, and in its way crucial, fights of the new Republican Congress. The Istook–McIntosh–Ehrlich proposal to limit the lobbying of federal-grant recipients has excited the opposition of almost every defender of the federal status quo: from reluctant House appropriators to hostile senators, from left-wing lobbies to the *New York Times*. It's the morality play of the 104th Congress, pitting GOP reformers directly against the infrastructure of the Left.

Consider what prompted Speaker Newt Gingrich recently to place himself firmly behind Istook–McIntosh–Ehrlich: an accounting of the groups attacking GOP freshmen in their home districts. Federal law forbids the use of grant money to pay for lobbying, but grants can indirectly subsidize advocacy by freeing up an organization's private funds. So, the Save America's Families Coalition—including the National Council of Senior Citizens (roughly $68 million in federal grants over the last year), the Service Employees International Union ($728,000), and the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees ($148,000)—has aired TV and radio ads ripping Republican freshmen over Medicare in districts across the country. "Don't let the Republicans cut Medicare," the ads conclude, "just to give more tax cuts to the rich."

A separate, but overlapping, labor-dominated coalition called '95 Project is undertaking a similar effort, sending field coordinators to the districts of 14 vulnerable Republicans (mostly freshmen) to agitate against them on issues like student loans and Medicare. The project represents a departure from labor's typical practice of just handing money over to Democratic campaign committees. Until now, explains Scott Wolf, the project's executive director, labor had "unilaterally disarmed" in the message fight. The AFL-CIO ($1.3 million in federal grants) is likely to come on board '95 Project in the wake of the election of new, activist president John Sweeney, but in the meantime has been running its own ads featuring a father whose son died in a feed-mill accident: "Tell Republican congressmen . . . to stop cutting health and safety, so other families don't lose their loved ones."

Gingrich, after looking at the grants received by the ad sponsors, began, says one GOP aide, "to see this less in a narrow grants-reform, lobbying-reform context, than as something that really has an impact on our ability to enact out agenda and to stay in the majority." Freshmen in Washington state, where Republicans picked up six seats last year, have been taking particularly hard hits (especially Reps. Randy Tate and Rick White). Frank Riggs—winner in 1994 of a bitterly contested California seat that he had lost as an incumbent in 1992—sustained a fusillade of ads in September. John Ensign, who won with 48 per cent in Nevada, has been hit by the Sierra Club (a recipient of EPA grants), '95 Project, the AFL-CIO, the Teamsters, and the Naderite Citizen Action in recent months. Phil English (Pa.) has in his district one of the '95 Project field directors, who staged a demonstration featuring a "Phil English" steam-roller crushing cardboard people.

While left-wing non-profits and inter-

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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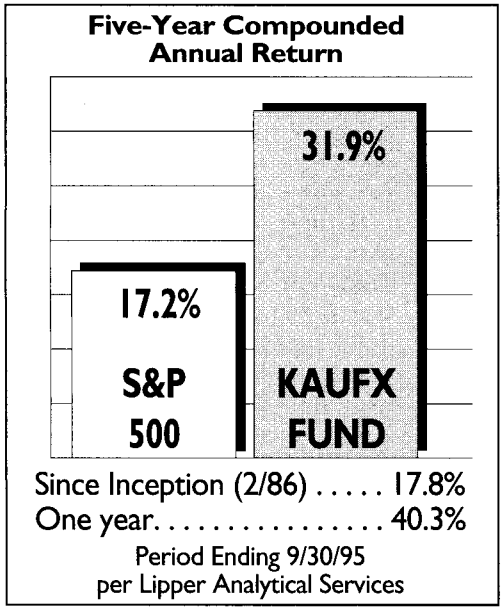

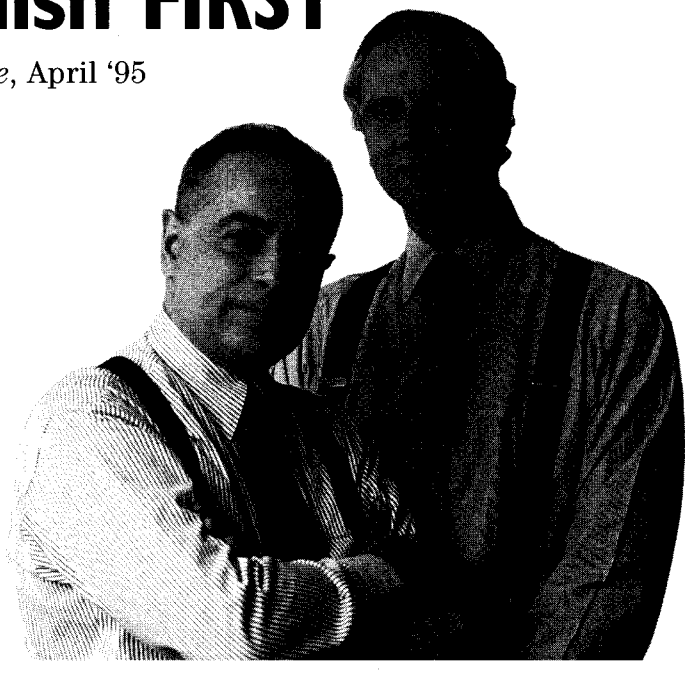

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est groups pummel freshmen back home, OMB Watch, a quasi-Naderite public-interest group, has been helping lead the charge against Istook–McIntosh from Washington. OMB Watch was organized in 1983 to fight the first conservative attempt to rein in federal grantees by Reagan's Office of Management and Budget. It has remained on the scene since, dogging Quayle's Competitiveness Council (for allegedly "work-[ing] in secret to undermine consumer, health, worker safety" etc.) and fighting regulatory reform earlier this year. When Clinton was elected, according to the Capital Research Center, based in Washington, D.C., OMB Watch urged the creation of an advisory board of non-profit and government leaders to "strengthen the partnership between government and non-profit organizations and reverse the trend of the last 12 years."

That would have been ideal, a symbiotic relationship between government and its supporters that the Heritage Foundation's Marshall Wittmann compares to the patronage of old Mayor Daley's Chicago. Instead, OMB Watch and the federal-grant community it represents have had to shift into high gear to fight Istook–McIntosh. OMB Watch maintains a taped update on the amendment, and the Let America Speak Coalition has a six-person full-time boiler-room staff charged with ginning up opposition at the grass-roots level. Independent Sector, a coalition of grant recipients including Catholic Charities, the Nature Conservancy, and the Environmental Defense Fund, is working the issue hard too.

And they've had some success. *New York Times* columnists Anthony Lewis and Frank Rich and the *New York Times* editorial page itself have portrayed Istook–McIntosh as an assault on Mothers Against Drunk Driving (which would presumably be silenced) and the Red Cross (which would be prevented from offering advice to the government in crisis situations). Some non-profits without political agendas have indeed lined up against Istook–McIntosh (including the Girl Scouts), but their opposition seems mostly based on a misunderstanding of its provisions.

The current, less-sweeping iteration of Istook–McIntosh mirrors existing IRS rules for lobbying by 501(c)3s, tax-exempt charities like the Red Cross. The IRS code has a sliding scale for how much a 501(c)3 can spend on lobbying depending on its budget, with advocacy spending capped at $1 million. So the bulk of non-profits receiving federal grants would not see their advocacy affected (and any organization that spends less than $25,000 on advocacy is exempted from the limitations). Where Istook–McIntosh bites is with groups that receive more than a third of their budgets from the feds (like the 96 per cent federally funded National Council of Senior Citizens); they would have their advocacy spending capped at $100,000 a year. Meanwhile, large-scale 501(c)4s—social welfare/advocacy organizations like the American Association of Retired Persons—would be cut off from federal funds entirely.

The legitimate gripe with Istook–McIntosh is that it ratchets up disclosure requirements, and hence paperwork; conservative groups screamed about last year's proposed lobbying bill for essentially the same reasons. Exactly because it does create more government rules, Istook–McIntosh is hardly an ideal piece of legislation. It would be much cleaner to eliminate the specific grants to questionable groups, but this Congress has made it amply clear that it's not capable of such precision work. And the rules of Istook–McIntosh are meant just to check the abuse of government funds, from which non-profits are free to walk away if they find the minimal conditions of Istook–McIntosh too stringent.

Roman Genn

None of which has kept GOP moderates from repeated attempts to kill the legislation. Ernest Istook managed to get his amendment attached to the Labor/Health and Human Services spending bill and—after much wrangling among House appropriators—it passed the House handily. But Sen. Arlen Specter, chairman of the Labor/HHS appropriations sub-committee on the Senate side, seemed sure to spike it in the House– Senate conference. So supporters turned to a different bill, Treasury–Postal appropriations, the Senate version of which carried related language sponsored by Alan Simpson. Initially it seemed the gap between Simpson and Istook–McIntosh would be unbridgable —until the House made clear its resoluteness. When a deal finally was cut, Sens. James Jeffords and Ben Nighthorse Campbell torpedoed it in conference, leaving McIntosh and Company still searching (with the support of the House leadership) for a way to pass the legislation.

McIntosh says House Majority Leader Dick Armey—a strong supporter—shakes his head over how many times Istook–McIntosh has survived near-death experiences. It has done so only because freshmen and other conservatives are dead-set on it. Sixty-four House members—mostly freshmen—signed a letter pledging to vote against Treasury Postal unless it included the amendment (and will probably have to maintain their hard line throughout the budget end-game). Their seriousness stems from an instinctive understanding that Istook–McIntosh gets at something fundamental about the way Washington works. Many federal grants constitute, in effect, federal funding for the base of the Democratic Party—the unions, the environmentalists, the Nader "public-interest" groups that, in turn, agitate for increased federal funding; the roughly $39 billion a year in federal grants is leveraged into many billions more. That's why the Cato Institute's Stephen Moore calls Istook–McIntosh "hugely important" for "the future of the conservative movement."

Like regulatory reform (taking back power from environmentalists) and tort and liability reform (defunding the trial lawyers), Istook–McIntosh undercuts a major financial and political support of the welfare state. When Ralph Nader recently filed a harassing ethics complaint against McIntosh, he denounced the Indiana Republican for "the bankruptcy of his causes." But it's not McIntosh or Istook or Ehrlich who is looking for federal funding to buttress their causes. For impending bankruptcy—provided that Istook–McIntosh survives—try the National Council of Senior Citizens. □

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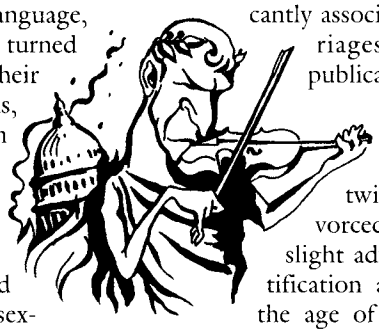
BREAD & CIRCUSES

SIX hundred Republican women convened at the Capital Hilton last month to meet with the new congressional leadership. They told Newt and his lieutenants what they wanted: tax cuts and a balanced budget, the Education Department eliminated, English as the official language, and welfare programs turned over to the states. In their upscale Ellen Tracy duds, these professional women complained that affirmative action in the workplace means that "hard work is no longer rewarded"; they demanded tort reform to prevent sexual-harassment lawsuits from putting them out of business. A picture of a closed sawmill—one more victim of federal regulation—met with sympathetic groans. Gloria Steinem urged these women out of the home, and now Congressman Bill Paxon, Chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, is urging them into the House. Congress will be more conservative if they accept.



The Women Leaders Summit brought participants from across the country under the sponsorship not of Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum or of any other conservative group but of a mainstream GOP organization: the Republican Network to Elect Women. Indeed, a member of the Eagle Forum sheepishly admitted that she was in attendance "to keep an eye on them." With the abortion issue off the agenda, however, this meeting was the latest confirmation of what internal GOP polls indicate about Republican women: they're conservative. In September, Phil Gramm decisively won a straw poll of a thousand women attending the National Federation of Republican Women's convention in New Mexico with—at 35 per cent—double the votes of Lamar Alexander. (Bob Dole finished third.)

They're atypical, but not excessively so, 39 per cent of all American women consider themselves conservative, but 60 per cent of Republican women adopt the label. More concerned than women in general with moral issues and the budget deficit, they are less concerned with what GOP analysts call the "Hillary cluster" of issues—health care and the environment.

Why? Party identification is significantly associated with births, marriages, and divorces. Republican women are more likely to be married than Democratic women (who are twice as likely to be divorced). Democrats enjoy a slight advantage in party identification among women below the age of 54. But with menopause come more conservative views. Older women are significantly more Republican—and even when they are not Republican, they are still more conservative. While only 6 per cent of Republican women identify themselves as "liberal," a full 24 per cent of Democratic women call themselves "conservative." And though pro-life GOP women outnumber pro-choicers by just 3 points, 35 per cent of Democratic women identify themselves as pro-life.

These facts significantly undermine the simplistic notion of a gender gap that is somehow causing damage to the GOP. Indeed, exit polls indicate that last November Democrats faced a male gender gap of 26 points (with 63 per cent of white men voting Republican). The female gap is much smaller, with the Republican women's vote consistent, at roughly 46 per cent over the last fifteen years. But this overall figure masks growing support for Republicans on the part of white women. In 1994, 53 per cent of white women voted Republican, but 95 per cent of black women voted Democratic.

All this is enough to send Gloria and Betty back to the drawing board. The feminists they suckled are largely employed in the public sector as social workers, rape counselors, and university professors. But other women, no longer confined to being nurses or teachers, have entered business. The only feminist who can intelligently address what concerns them is the business manager of *Ms.* magazine. So the women at the Leaders Summit rejected the idea of adopting a "women's agenda" and were utterly dismissive when asked if they wanted to discuss the "glass ceiling." Half of the women were self-employed. Republican pollster Christine Mathews points out that women start their own small businesses at twice the rate of men.

Business people are notoriously reluctant to run for public office. But there was a 67 per cent increase in Republican women elected at the federal level last year, and the Republican women's caucus in the House has moved significantly to the right as six of the newcomers reflect the growing conservatism of their sisters outside. Their activism is also on the rise. Between 1992 and 1994, there was a 37 per cent increase in the number of Republican women who filed for office, and a 26 per cent increase in the number of women who won primaries. In the same period, fewer Democratic women filed and 23 per cent fewer of them ultimately won. According to Kellyanne Fitzpatrick, president of The Polling Co., "As more women become involved, a growing number identify themselves as conservative—often the first step toward joining the Republicans."

SO conservatives should suspend their skepticism about the benefit of women candidates. A female candidate is more likely to share the views of Washington state freshman Linda Smith, a businesswoman, than of Christine Todd Whitman, a throwback to the *noblesse oblige* tradition of Republican womanhood. And GOP women have a chromosomal advantage at the ballot box, especially among independent voters, who prefer them to male candidates by a factor of 15 points as fiscal conservatives in touch with middle-class concerns. This can pay dividends. Last summer, Washington state's Jennifer Dunn argued for conservative welfare reform far more effectively than any man could have done.

Ironically, feminists in bipartisan drag have launched the Women's Vote '96 coalition to encourage more women to enter politics, on the tired assumption that Democrats would benefit from a mobilized distaff vote. Think again.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

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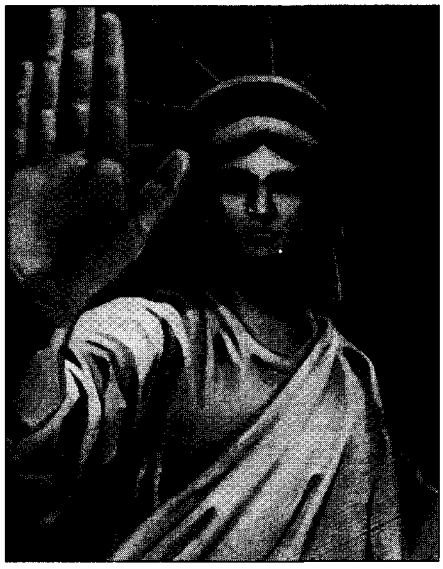
ON THE SCENE

Republicans *v.* Reform

IRA MEHLMAN



Robert Wisnewski

LOS ANGELES

AT times it seemed as if the House Judiciary Committee mark-up of the comprehensive immigration-reform bill introduced by Lamar Smith (R., Tex.) would last as long as the O. J. Simpson trial. The process was delayed by countless amendments offered by liberal Democrats with the aim of watering down Smith's Immigration in the National Interest Act, HR-2202. The bill, which finally passed the Judiciary Committee by a vote of 23 to 10 on October 24, aims to reduce illegal immigration by as much as 75 per cent and institute modest reductions of about 25 per cent in legal-immigration levels.

The critical vote came on an amendment offered by Howard Berman (D., Calif.), which would have broken HR-2202 into two bills, effectively killing attempts to reform the legal-immigration process. With solid Republican support and the backing of moderate Democrats on the committee, Smith fended off this assault from the Left.

But no sooner had Smith defeated liberal Democratic attempts to quash reform of legal immigration than he was blind-sided by a group of conservatives. In a letter dated October 25, ten California Republican congressmen urged the GOP leadership to split HR-2202 in two when it comes before the Rules Committee. "The issue of legal immigration should be separated, reviewed, and thoroughly debated in a second legislative vehicle," states the letter.

Jay Kim, who authored the letter, insists that his intent is not to kill reform of legal immigration, but rather to make a symbolic gesture. "It's an insult to lump legal and illegal immigrants together in the same bill," says Kim, himself an immigrant from Korea. He professes to be generally supportive of the legal-immigration reforms in HR-2202 and would like to see a vote on both bills on the same day. "If the Republican leadership can demonstrate that there are not enough votes to pass both sections separately," Kim says, he will withdraw his objections to having the bill voted on as a package.

Mark Sturdevant, who chairs United We Stand America's National Immigration Task Force, believes that even if Kim is sincere about having both components come to a vote at the same time, bifurcation will be a death knell for reform of legal immigration. "Given the views of people in the congressional leadership like [House Majority Leader] Dick Armey, they'll make sure legal immigration is never addressed," says Sturdevant.

Armey, earlier this year, advocated *increasing* legal-immigration levels. While none of the signatories to the Kim letter are asking that legal immigration be increased, most see no problem with the current level of about 800,000 annually. A spokesman for Congressman Buck McKeon (R., Calif.) said that his boss's primary concern is illegal immigration, "but he has not made up his mind about whether legal immigration should be reduced."

Paul Mero, chief of staff of Congressman Bob Dornan (R., Calif.), concurs that the immediate priority should be dealing with illegal immigration. He argues that including provisions to reduce legal immigration could jeopardize the chances of passing measures to control illegal immigration. "The more you muddy a bill, the more you dilute your base," argues Mero. A more concise bill that deals just with illegal immigration "would be veto proof," he adds.

The problem with Mero's reasoning is that the idea of dealing with illegal and legal immigration as a package has solid, bipartisan congressional support and the endorsement of the President. John Bryant (D., Tex.), the ranking minority member of the Immigration Subcommittee, estimates that about a hundred Democrats will support HR-2202 if it comes to the floor. President Clinton earlier this year accepted the recommendations of the bipartisan U.S. Commission on Immigration Reform, which called for reductions in legal immigration to about the same levels proposed in HR-2202.

Bryant's spokesman, Carlton Carl, charges that the real motive of those who wish to split the bill is protection of cheap labor. "The only reason to break up the bill is to defeat one provision or the other," says Carl. Bryant, who opposed efforts to split the bill, contends that legal and illegal immigration are related problems that must be dealt with together.

THE BILL that emerged from the Judiciary Committee in October is closely modeled on the recommendations of the bipartisan commission, which had spent nearly five years studying U.S. immigration policies. One of the commissioners, Hal Ezell, calls the attempt to torpedo the legal-immigration provision "absolutely outrageous. . . . Now we have [a substantial portion] of the California Republican delegation trying to undo the Commission's work."

Smith, for his part, professes some bewilderment at the actions of his California colleagues, but not a great deal of consternation. Smith insists that he has

Mr. Mehlman is California media director of FAIR (the Federation for American Immigration Reform).

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2 THE SYSTEM'S OVERLOADED. There are nearly four million people waiting in line to enter. The latest wave of new citizen naturalizations will generate millions more new relative petitions. System overload has caused the immigration enforcement arm of the Federal government to nearly collapse while too many people enter too fast, and backlogs grow exponentially. We need a break.

3 WE NEED TIME TO ASSIMILATE. Throughout American history, the country has had sustained periods of low or negligible immigration. These periodic lulls enabled the country to absorb and assimilate those who had come before. Remember how the turn-of-the-century immigrant ghettos of our large northern cities melted away into the American mainstream during the low-immigration years leading up to 1965? We need another sustained lull now.

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5 LABOR MARKET. Immigrants are entering the country without regard to our changing labor needs. This means an increased supply of low skilled labor and heightened competition in many labor sectors; the resulting wage depression is increasing the gap between rich and poor in the highest immigrant-receiving communities.

6 THE PEOPLE WANT AN IMMIGRATION MORATORIUM. Polls show an overwhelming majority of the American people want a lot less immigration or even an immigration moratorium. (Roper Poll, May 1992; Latino National Political Survey, December 1992). These are persistent results over time. Most of the people cannot be wrong all the time!

7 THE SYSTEM'S BROKEN. The current system breeds lawlessness. Thousands of illegal immigrants enter the country every day—two to three million a year. Fake documents are easily obtained, providing access to welfare and benefits meant for citizens and legal residents.

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a commitment from the Republican leadership to keep his bill intact and bring it up for a vote early in 1996. To underscore the commitment to dealing together with policies on illegal and legal immigration, 35 House members, mostly Republicans, responded to the Kim letter with one of their own.

The letter, which originated in the office of Congressman Bob Stump (R., Ariz.) and is addressed to Speaker Newt Gingrich, strongly rebukes the effort to weaken the bill. "While we are not certain of the motive behind the move to delete the legal-immigration provisions of HR-2202, we suspect that there are Members who have underestimated the American public's strong desire to revamp our legal-immigration policies," states the letter, signed by, among others, Ways and Means Committee Chairman Bill Archer (R., Tex.) and Rules Committee Chairman Gerald Solomon (R., N.Y.). The letter warns of "serious political consequences" if Congress backs away from changes in legal immigration.

Of all the people wrestling with the question of what to do about immigration policy, perhaps none is more ambivalent than freshman Congressman Sonny Bono (R., Calif.). As a member of the House Judiciary Committee, Bono voted against the Democratic amendment to break up the bill, but has joined the Republican effort to do precisely the same thing.

The future of HR-2202 will probably be decided by the GOP Policy Committee, though nobody is quite sure when the showdown will take place. What nearly everyone agrees is that the likely consequence of taking a two-track approach will be the death of legal-immigration reform in the 104th Congress. □

Goldsmith Holding His Own

RADEK SIKORSKI

Roman Genn

WARSAW

"SO YOU mean we don't have to intensify our agriculture as the Western experts tell us?" The girl was stocky, with the red cheeks of a farmer's daughter. We were in a lecture room of Warsaw University, and she was addressing a tall, immaculately dressed foreigner, the author of a book advertised on a poster hanging on the lectern from which he spoke.

"No, you don't," he thundered back. "They are getting it all wrong. There is no shortage of labor in the cities, as during the Industrial Revolution. If keeping people in agricultural communities instead of having them flock into slums means slightly higher food prices, that is the best investment Poland can make!" The girl was clearly moved. It looked as if it was the first time she was hearing that agriculture was anything but a synonym for backwardness.

I have long privately believed that if you want to gauge a politician's mettle, you should send him on a tour of Central Europe. The extremes of wealth and poverty are greater, the institutions of democracy, capitalism, and the welfare state less established, outside threats more immediate, the language of politics more direct. In countries that face stark choices, waffle does not pay. If someone can hold his own there, he can hold it anywhere.

During Jimmy Goldsmith's visit to Poland to promote the Polish edition of *The Trap*, peasant girls were not alone in being intrigued. Polish agriculture is, of course, famously antiquated. Without ever having heard the term, peasants on their small holdings unselfconsciously produce organic food. They receive fewer subsidies than farmers in Western Europe and the United States. Villages remain largely self-sufficient and soak up unemployment without extra investment. Yet, Western experts advise, Poland has to industrialize its agriculture. Progress will consist in using as much fertilizer and hormones as Western farmers do and in having excess rural population seek jobs outside agriculture. If the same advice is followed globally, Goldsmith argues, two billion people will be displaced. His double message—an end to the European Union's Common Agricultural Policy, and protection for farmers by other means—went down well both at public meetings and in conversation with the Peasant Party Speaker of the Senate.

Polish industry is being privatized largely by members of the old nomenklatura who managed to turn power into ownership. Apparatchiks are bad at business, though. The moment they have to compete in the market without bureaucratic privileges, nomenklatura businesses tend to go bust. Nevertheless, most Western commentators interpret resistance to the looting of national wealth as opposition to the idea of privatization itself. Goldsmith, on the other hand, told Solidarity activists: The economy is to serve you, not the other way about. Privatization is good, but not if it endangers social stability by fraudulently enriching the few at the expense of the many. Man does not have to worship at the shrine of the Gross Domestic Product, a faulty measure of society's well-being in any case. Mr. Marian Krzaklewski, the chairman of Solidarity, afterward declared that he had never expected to agree so completely with a billionaire.

Goldsmith might be described as the first post-historical politician, at least in Europe. History ended, remember, with the fall of the Berlin Wall and the triumph of capitalism and democracy. There might still be ideological mopping up to do in odd parts of the world, but in principle, Francis Fukuyama proclaimed, we've reached consensus on how a decent society must be structured. Goldsmith is post-historical in the sense that he takes free-market democracy for granted and identifies new fault lines, issues that are beginning to override the old Left–Right divide.

Never before has elite opinion in Europe been so stiflingly uniform. In France, Jacques Chirac, supposedly a conservative, has so far continued the policies of his socialist predecessor. In Germany, nobody can so much as imag-

Mr. Sikorski is NR's roving correspondent.

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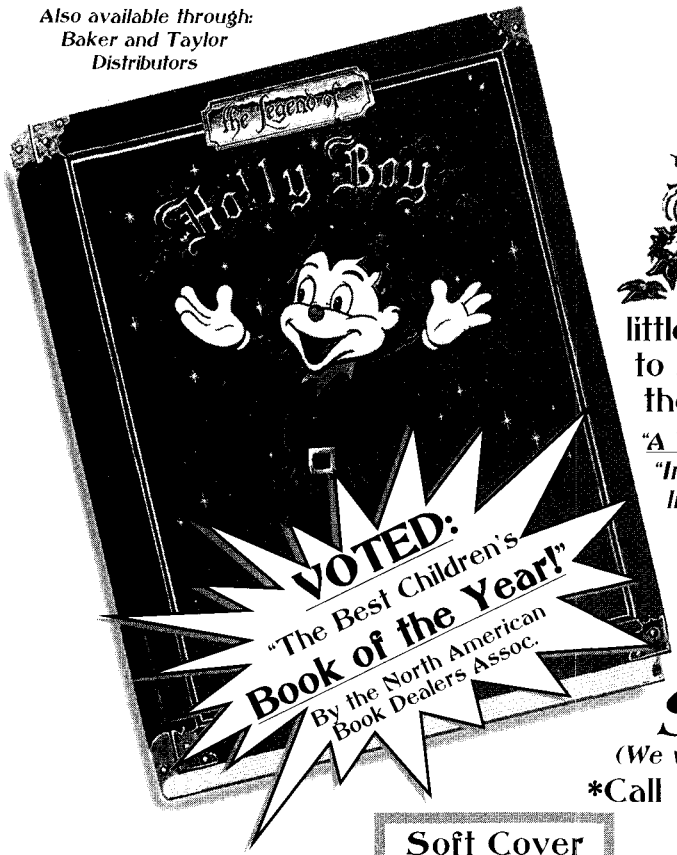

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"The Legend Of Holly Boy"

By Frank Latino

This is a Christmas story about a little girl who was sad at Christmas, because her dad cut up a Holly tree to make Holly wreaths. This child felt that at Christmas time, "everyone and everything should be happy." But the Holly wreath could not possibly be happy, all cut up, and tied.

That evening ,she prayed that God would make the Holly wreath happy...and it spun around, and became a little Holly Boy.

Holly Boy told her that he had never been happier, because now, as a holly wreath, he gives pleasure to other people, and by making others happy, you are happy, and so it goes "round and round", and Holly Boy spun around again.

Holly Boy then takes the little girl back through time, and space, back to the little town of Bethlehem. As they watched, three kings were approaching the stable where the holy family were gathered.

Across from the stable, they noticed a little holly tree, but it was evident that this tree was dying, because it was all wilted, and had turned brown. This was, however, a magical night, and they heard the little dying holly tree make a wish, that he "could give himself to the child,".

The star of Bethlehem shines brighter, floats down to earth, becomes an angel, and the angel asks the holly tree if he would really give himself to this holy child, and the tree says he would, but he makes such a shabby gift, then the star of Bethlehem angel, transforms the dying tree into a bright green "everlasting" tree, and creates Holly Boy, to bring happiness to anyone who is sad at Christmas.

Holly Boy then brings the little girl to the "woodland wonderland" where he and his friends lived. But in this land king Otto ruled, and would not believe this story of love, and everlasting life, so he attacks Holly Boy, the Christmas Tree Queen, the Pine Princess, Miss Mistletoe, Poinsettia Patty, and all the other Friends of Holly Boy and destroys them all. King Otto must prove that everyone must die, and only the strong will survive".

Now the animals overwhelm king Otto with snowballs, and he steps backwards and falls over a cliff. The angel again appears, and rewards everyone for their bravery by making them all evergreen plants, with everlasting life, Holly Boy and the little girl return home...".

A Review By:
THE BOOK READER MAGAZINE

THE LEGEND OF HOLLY BOY, By Frank Latino. Xmas and Christmas are two different things. Xmas is about commercialism. But Christmas enthralls with the original heritage of a child in a manager, the birth of the Savior. *The Legend of Holly Boy* is **a proud, joyful reminder of Christmas**, its meaning, its golden effect on those who accept the essence of eternal life. a little girl named Linda is sad because the holly wreath in her window is all cut up and tied, and has sacrificed its own well being for the celebration of Christmas. Linda goes to bed crying. But then a strange soft light fills the window, the holly wreath begins to turn 'round and 'round...it floats away from the window...and forms itself into Holly Boy. Holly Boy takes Linda on a trip, through a mirror tunnel, traveling back "to where it all began, the little town of Bethlehem. "They witness the three kings bringing offerings to the child in the manger, they see angels, they now understand the special meaning of joy. Holly Boy discovers his ecstatic destiny, to become a wreath, the symbol of Christmas. The lesson: "There is no limit to the amount of love you can give, and there is no limit to the amount of love you will have left over." Bad magic comes in, black witchcraft, the violence of a giant unbeliever. But a final moral wins through: "making others happy will make us happy too." Latino writes beautifully, with brimming descriptions, compelling suspense, and he creates that sort of **a tale that can enchant the child**. Latino does wise battle with such peculiar notions as evolution, power, disbelief, all aided by the lush artwork of artist Hood, this book is a graceful excursion into the extraordinary love that is Christmas. Linda, and the reader, learn to keep the faith and to recognize the singular joy of existence. ■

This is a "Wholesome and Heartwarming story."

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ine anything but the policies Helmut Kohl has pursued for a decade. In Britain, John Major's Conservative Party is increasingly hard to distinguish from Tony Blair's "new" Labour. The Tories are still marginally more averse to tax increases, but they have implemented them so often, their protestations carry little credibility. The next British general election is likely to be decided on the basis of which of the party leaders seems nicer and more telegenic. (Tony Blair.) Only amid utter ideological confusion of this sort could stalwart Thatcherites, such as the historian and columnist Paul Johnson, be proclaiming that Tony Blair is a better *Tory* than John Major.

Goldsmith has correctly perceived that while the elites have neutered themselves, the voters have become increasingly restless. The wave of referenda on the ratification of the Maastricht Treaty in 1994 was not really about Maastricht, which few people understand, but about confidence in the political class. Campaigning against further integration, Goldsmith triumphed. His party, L'Autre Europe, which had been formed a mere three months before, took 14 per cent of the vote for the European Parliament. The establishment, and not just in France, was badly shaken when, largely thanks to Goldsmith's efforts, Maastricht passed by a majority of only 1 per cent.

Now Goldsmith is deploying his energy and money to organize the Referendum Party, which will contest every seat in the next British general election. Maastricht has not been subjected to a popular vote in Britain despite overwhelming public desire for one. All three national political parties support Maastricht; hence voters have no means to express dissent. Conveniently a vote for the Referendum Party can be portrayed as a vote not against Europe but for democracy.

A less enterprising man than Goldsmith would still be daunted. Unlike in the European Parliament elections, in which 14 per cent of the vote gave his party several seats in Strasbourg, under Britain's first-past-the-post system, the same result would probably give him no seats at all. Moreover, the poor showing by Goldsmith's candidate in the French presidential election this year suggests that while voters might toy with new options in unimportant contests, they stick with established parties in crucial ones. Goldsmith has to hope British voters are so bored with the usual cast of characters that they might give him a chance.

East or West, Goldsmith's message will ultimately be judged by whether or not the dangers he warns of materialize. He was in Poland in the week when two Russian nuclear submarines almost went into a meltdown because of the navy's unpaid electricity bill. There could hardly have been a better advertisement for his crusade against nuclear energy. Likewise, it seems to me he has already won the debate on agriculture. Several states officially oppose the Common Agricultural Policy, and it will have to be reformed before the European Union expands East. With more and more consumers willing to pay a premium for organic food, the economics of traditional versus industrial agriculture are being transformed.

Partly thanks to Goldsmith's efforts, the momentum for faster European integration has also ebbed somewhat, although here he faces a more formidable challenge. Much of the integration process is subterranean, bureaucratic, hidden from public view. It is hard to fight a thousand memos, obscure directives, backstage winks and nods. The single currency, ostensibly a technical issue, in reality a constitutional Rubicon, is likely to be the battle in which models of European integration clash in the open.

Crucially, to establish himself as a statesman Goldsmith would need to win the debate about free trade. In opposing GATT, he has taken on the great majority of established opinion, in academia, business, and government. His recently published reply to his critics, called *The Response*, further ups the ante. Judging by the stream of articles in the *Financial Times* devoted to arguing with him, he is far from being defeated. [But see also p. 59 of this issue.]

Major new political movements usually start when a new class, or a powerful set of ideas, comes to the fore. Protest movements, on the other hand, can grab attention for a while but eventually atrophy, most of their program taken over by a mainstream party. Is there enough to Goldsmith for him to break into the big league, or will he play the honorable but thankless task of supplying intellectual fodder to others? Will he create a viable, possibly pan-European, political alternative, or will he end up doing to the British Conservatives what the centrist SDP and later the Liberal–Democratic Alliance did to the Labour Party in the 1980s: split the vote and help to elect its opponents? Just as many businessmen have come to regret underestimating Goldsmith in business, it would be a foolish man who underrated him in politics. Whatever the outcome, his campaign is already a breath of fresh air. □

Ils se souviennent

JOHN O'NEILL

MONTREAL

CANADA was lucky to survive the latest round of Quebec separatism. Whereas the previous sovereignty referendum, in 1980, was rejected by 60 per cent of the voters, the referendum held on October 30 was rejected by just 50.6 per cent of Quebec's electorate.

This is far from settling the issue. Obviously, if 60 per cent rejection was not able to kill separatism in 1980, this slimmer-than-slim majority won't kill the movement now. The close vote is why Premier Jacques Parizeau, who resigned his leadership of the Parti Québecois's provincial government the day after the referendum, promised that separatism is alive and that Quebec will not have to wait another 15 years for the next referendum.

A Montreal businessman campaigning against the referendum in September took a lot of heat for insisting that the federalist *No* campaign must crush the separatists. He too was right. Whether or not his choice of metaphor was wise, it was necessary to score a decisive victory over the separatists lest they reappear. The *No* victory was so close, it was just that: No victory. The separatists are very much alive, and can claim moral victory in this latest battle.

Consider that Canada's media as recently as this summer were dismissing the separatist campaign and predicting its defeat by a margin comparable to

Mr. O'Neill writes frequently for the Detroit News *on trade and North American affairs.*

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1980's. The media continued to downplay the separatists even when they had suddenly pulled even in the polls in July. When the federalist *No* campaign jumped out to a modest seven-point lead in September, the media were abuzz with the notion that the federalists were heading for a runaway victory. From the beginning, the conventional media wisdom was that the rise of the separatist Parti Québecois had nothing to do with separatism. The Toronto *Globe & Mail*, the leading paper in Canada, even declared on its front page on July 22, 1994: SEPARATISM NOT AN ISSUE, POLL FINDS.

But if Quebec wasn't interested in separation from Canada, why did it elect a separatist provincial government? Explanations in the papers and on television lacked all credibility. The most absurd argument was the notion that Quebeckers were voting for the Parti Québecois for economic reasons. In fact, PQ ran on an economic platform almost identical to that of its Liberal predecessors led by Daniel Johnson, which proposed a combination of tax abatements and increases. Indeed, the Parti Québecois proposed even higher tax increases than the Liberals. Who can honestly believe Quebec felt its taxes weren't already high enough?

The day after Parizeau and his PQ were voted into power in September 1994, the media were maintaining their state of denial, almost pretending the PQ didn't win. Much was made of the fact that while the Liberals were swamped in terms of the number of seats in Quebec's National Assembly, they scored almost a tie with PQ in the number of votes. Conveniently, the media were overlooking the fact that the separatist Action Democratique party took 6 per cent of the provincial vote on top of the PQ's 45 per cent; thus Quebeckers gave a majority (albeit a small one) of their votes to separatist candidates. And just as in the provincial elections in 1994, the referendum vote this time split virtually in half; since there was no third option this time, the federalists hung on.

Indeed, if turnabout is fair play the separatists *should* claim a moral victory. After all, the night the Liberal government was voted out of power last year it was none other than Dan Johnson (who led the campaign against the referendum this year) who was claiming a moral victory because his Liberals did better than expected. Shouldn't Bernard Landry, Quebec's deputy premier and the likely successor to Parizeau, apply the same logic?

What is so disturbing is that Johnson appeared to believe what he was reading in the papers and may well have believed defeating the referendum was going to be a cakewalk. Even more disturbing is that his Liberal counterpart on the national stage, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, also believed this nonsense. The prime minister waved off separatist gains in the polls this summer and resisted taking an active role to defeat the referendum until the final days of the campaign, when he canceled all appointments and hit the stump.

Most notable was a huge rally in Montreal three days before the referendum, which was attended by thousands of Canadians from outside Quebec expressing their new-found love for the

Roberto Parada

French-speaking province in the hope of convincing it not to leave Canada. It was a rather corny affair resembling Nelson Eddy in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police uniform singing to Jeanette MacDonald. But there were two important moments. Chrétien first promised to address constitutional reforms once the referendum had been defeated (translated, that means granting Quebec status as a distinct society). The other important moment was when Chrétien acknowledged Johnson as the one to be thanked for the defeat of the referendum, which was a clever way of saying, Blame Johnson if the referendum passes since he was in charge of the campaign.

No one knows better than Chrétien the importance and difficulty of delivering on the constitutional promises to Quebec. He led the campaign against the 1980 referendum while serving in Pierre Trudeau's cabinet. He thus knows that they were able to defeat that referendum soundly in large part because Trudeau promised similar constitutional reforms. Not only did Trudeau not fulfill this promise, he outright betrayed it by sneaking through the Constitution of 1982 without Quebec's approval. Thus this most charismatic of Quebec federalists wasn't asked to join in the latest campaign, for fear of evoking those memories.

No doubt, Chrétien also knows he will be hard pressed to get the rest of Canada to extend a special status to Quebec. The close call in the referendum will give him an advantage former Prime Minister Brian Mulroney didn't have when he was unable to get Canada to pass the Meech Lake Accord in 1990 or the Charlottetown Accord in 1993. But convincing people to accept something because they must isn't an easy sell. Moreover, Chrétien has one glaring disadvantage: Lucien Bouchard and his separatist Bloc Québecois, which is now the official opposition party in Ottawa.

Bouchard, who took over the referendum campaign from Parizeau in September and is credited for making such a good fight of it, is a former Conservative who served in the Mulroney cabinet and who formed Bloc Québecois following the demise of the Charlottetown Accord in 1993. Charlottetown is another item in Quebec's ever-angry memory, as was the English-only ordinance in Ontario, which was hailed by politicians across Canada in 1994. Quebeckers just don't relinquish such memories. Indeed, their provincial motto is *Je me souviens* (I remember). Those Canadians attempting to flatter Quebec at the rally in Montreal were up against these memories.

This is really what all of Canada is up against, both English- and French-speaking. And this is what the prime minister, any prime minister of Canada, will be faced with for the foreseeable future. It's a tragically delicate situation in which two peoples in one country, both of whom for better or worse have a history of intransigence, have to come to terms with the realities of their situation. The virtual split on the referendum has done nothing but grant Canada a reprieve which cannot last long.

All of this could quite conceivably, in the not-so-distant future, leave the United States with two northern neighbors. And not very quiet neighbors at that. □

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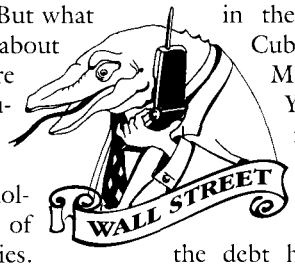
GEKKO

BY NOW we're heard from almost everybody—that is to say, every political analyst—about Fidel Castro and his appearance in New York at the UN anniversary. But what does Mr. Market have to say about the future of Cuba? Well, there is a fitful trade in post-revolutionary Cuban debt. Castro & Co. borrowed about $8 billion—none of it in U.S. dollars—before getting shut out of the market in the early Eighties. All those narrow-minded U.S. Administrations that maintained the embargo saved American banks a lot of money, because there hasn't been any interest paid on the debt in more than a decade. The last time there was an attempt to work out a restructuring was in 1985, and it failed.



Cuba's international banking nanny is Crédit Lyonnais, which acts as the agent bank for the biggest chunk of Cuban debt. Crédit Lyonnais, you may recall, has beaten off all challengers for the title of Most Disastrously Run French State-Owned Bank. After it was unable to revive Cuba's creditworthiness in 1985, the price of the country's paper sank and sank, bottoming at 2 or 3 cents on the dollar in 1991.

Since then, as the Cuban economy has gone further and further downhill, the country's paper has been one of the great investing success stories of the Nineties. It reached a peak of around 35 cents on the dollar in 1993—which was close to the low point for the Cuban economy—probably on the notion that Castro would not make it through the year.

"Not many of the usual emerging-market investors, the institutions, are buying this stuff," says one London dealer. "There are some Swiss PCs. Most trades are for, say, a million DM, which is pretty small." A "Swiss PC" is a Private Client of a Swiss bank. Since nobody who minds declaring to the authorities what he's doing would pay the ridiculous fees for the indifferent investment management of a Swiss private bank, you can be pretty sure the buyers here are people whose government disapproves of investment in Cuba. People like, say, Americans.

That's confirmed by several sources in the market. "A lot of the Cuban paper is held by the Miami Cubans," says a New York dealer. "There's no real good economic reason to buy this paper—it's all emotional on their part."

Since the 1993 peak, the debt has drifted off in weaker trading. It actually dropped down to a bid of 12 cents early this year. There has been something of a recovery to the low 20s lately. That's where Russian paper, also a non-payer, was at the beginning of the year. Ivory Coast, a non-payer, but one that suffers from no U.S. embargo and has the support of France, trades in the high teens. If you were looking for value, you would sell Cuba and buy Ivory Coast. The Miami Cubans with foreign bank accounts are investing with their hearts, not their heads.

■ I attended Jim Grant's conference last month, and, as usual, the bears' guru put on an interesting show. The most illuminating moment was provided by Sam Zell, one of the bidders for Rockefeller Center, which is in default thanks to Mitsubishi Estates' having taken a walk.

"He's working out. Can he call you back?"

"It was completely irrational for the Japanese to do what they did," says Zell. "My impression was that while the Ministry of Finance didn't directly tell them to walk away from Rockefeller Center, when Mitsubishi made the suggestion, the MOF said, Go for it. That is going to create an umbrella, an excuse, for other Japanese lenders to U.S. real estate or owners of real estate to liquidate their holdings. We're going to see a real selloff over the next year." That's great news for Zell—the Japanese are very considerately selling at the low. "The quality of cash flow from real estate is the highest it's ever been," says Zell. "This is going to be a great opportunity."

■ The seemingly endless delays in the telecommunications-reform bill are getting on Wall Street's nerves. "This is going to be another Glass–Steagall Act," moans one investment banker.

This refers to a perennial deregulation bill, under which banks and brokerage houses would be free to go into each other's territory for the first time since Glass–Steagall was passed in 1933. The reform bill has become an annuity for congressmen and lobbyists. Each year, the banks and brokerage houses pour PAC money into an influence-peddlers' version of the WWI trenches. Nothing is resolved, because if it were, the pace of contributions and consulting fees would slacken.

If the telecom bill were to die, or be vetoed by Clinton on the grounds that the cable companies are being over-deregulated (if that's a word), then you could expect a crash not only in the cable stocks but in Worldcom. Worldcom is the fourth-ranked long-distance company, and its current stock prices in the low 30s only because of the supposedly imminent entry of the Baby Bells into the long-distance market. Worldcom would be a cheap and relatively regulation-friendly way for a Bell to open a challenge to AT&T. Were this stock trade merely on its ability to earn a lot of money in the near future, you should get out from under.

My various Washington moles, however, tell me that it's most likely that a bill will pass. So the Worldcom speculators and my investment-banker friend should breathe easy. The Baby Bells are seen to be better strokers of Members of Congress than the long-distance companies are.

—JOHN DIZARD

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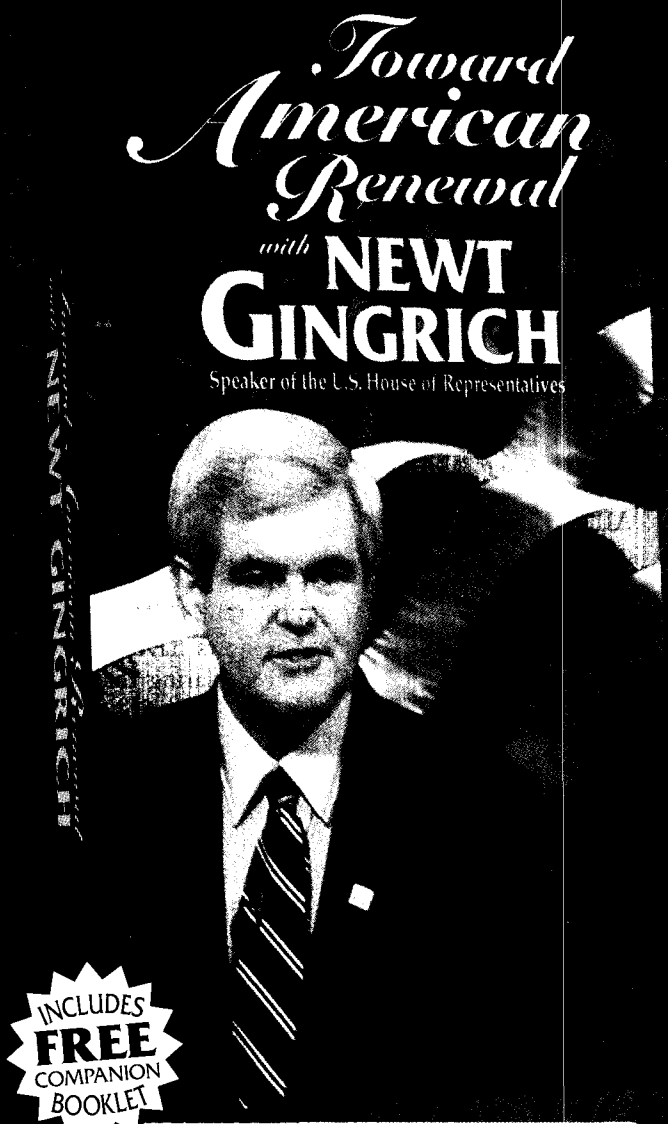

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Dying of the Light

Presumably aware of the dangers they court, homosexuals continue to contract AIDS at an astonishing rate. The 'support' they receive for doing so is unconscionable.

MIDGE DECTER

SINCE 1981, the experts tell us, some 441,528 Americans have been diagnosed with AIDS. Of these, it is said, about half have contracted the disease as a result of male homosexual coupling, and another quarter as a result of using contaminated needles for intravenous drug consumption. The rest are in one way or another simply victims of the above: people who have been given transfusions with infected blood, or women whose husbands have taken their secret extramarital pleasures with infected men, or babies born to AIDS-infected mothers. To be sure, in that same period the rates for heart disease and cancer have been much higher, but considering that AIDS has so far proved to be not only incurable but invariably fatal, the number of its sufferers has struck everyone as especially terrible.

An even more terrible number, however, is the 187,309 new cases reported for the years 1993 and 1994. For whereas the earliest AIDS patients knew nothing of their potential affliction until it was too late, by 1993 the means for avoiding infection were very widely known—indeed, in some places were even being taught to schoolchildren—and surely universally known to the country's homosexual population. Thus it must be assumed that (with the exception of wives ignorant of what their husbands were doing on the sly and the doomed babies of criminally negligent mothers) the bulk of the most recently recorded cases have been contracted with foreknowledge of the dangers. Particularly in a society as health-obsessed and disease-conscious as our own, this most recent statistic fairly boggles the mind.

Is it, then, willful suicide, or hubris, or the former posing as the latter, that has lately been leading so many young homosexuals knowingly to engage in the kind of unprotected sex that is most calculated to leave them with AIDS? Finding the answer to this question is essential not only for understanding what is really involved in the effort to control the spread of the infection but also for getting a handle on the agenda of the homosexual activists.

For a long time gay-rights activists have divided their time between, on the one hand, declaring that everyone, homosexual or heterosexual, is equally at risk of contracting AIDS, and, on the other hand, demanding special attention and compassion as a community uniquely victimized by it. The idea that everyone is at risk was, of course, meant to prevent a fresh mark of pariahdom from being set upon the brow of the so newly respectable homosexual community: homosexual sex was to be held no more dangerous and no more at fault for the spread of AIDS than the heterosexual variety. (This idea, in addition to leading to the disproportionate expenditure of government funds on research into a cure—more than a billion dollars per year—carried the added benefit of engaging homosexuals *as* homosexuals in the process of writing and/or revising health-education curricula.) On the other hand, the idea that the homosexual community is being singularly victimized has helped to fan the sense of injustice and outrage on which the gay-rights movement, like any rights movement, must depend for its political livelihood and that precisely as a result of its successes might be in danger of diminishing.

Thus the issue of AIDS has plunged those activists who speak most loudly in the name of their fellow homosexuals even more deeply into the contradiction that trembles perpetually beneath their relations with the "straight" world—the simultaneous assertion that they are the same as everyone else and that their experience is unique.

Mrs. Decter is a writer living in New York City.

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YEAR OF THE ELEPHANT

In this, of course, gay politics is more or less like all the other forms of rights-politics in our time. With this one overriding difference: that while the two other current major rights movements, the blacks' and the women's, are subject to essentially the same basic contradiction, neither of them happens to be beset by the complication that a significant number of its members and intended beneficiaries seem to be willfully courting death.

Now, the connection of homosexuality to suicide—a connection about which the most recent history of AIDS has left little room for doubt—is, like most things having to do with suicide, in the end a profound mystery. It is, moreover, a mystery which it would be presumptuous, not to say useless, for anyone but homosexuals themselves to attempt to confront—although confront it is something they would sooner or later be well advised to do. Still, what is in its way even more mysterious is the response of the homosexuals' putative friends and well-wishers to this scourge that has been racing virtually unhindered through their community. For surely never have people professing care and loving kindness been so admiring, so celebratory, of hopeless suffering as has the society of America's enlightened, liberal, rich, famous, and/or beautiful heterosexuals with respect to AIDS.

There are two problems here, one perhaps not so difficult to understand, the other difficult indeed. The first has to do with the homosexuals themselves and their cooperative acceptance of what can be called, if not actual dancing, then certainly large-scale posturing on their graves. Can they really be so benighted as to regard public cheering in the face of their mortal danger as love? Would not scolding and imprecations and efforts to turn them from their fatal ways, however unpleasant, be truer marks of fellow feeling? Alas, so widespread and commonplace has the disease become among them that tolerance for AIDS and tolerance for them may have come to seem one and the same thing. And then, to be sure, there are the enormous political benefits for the gay-rights movements in AIDS's having become literally a *cause célèbre*.

Is public cheering in the face of mortal danger love? Would not efforts to turn homosexuals from their fatal ways be truer marks of fellow feeling?

If memory serves, the celebration began almost immediately upon the country's becoming widely aware of the disease: with the death of Rock Hudson, who was possibly the first very famous person to die of it—anyway certainly one of the earliest cases to be publicly acknowledged. No doubt millions of American women were stricken to discover that this figure who had for so long haunted their daydreams had in fact been a homosexual and had been carried off as a result of a sexual career both

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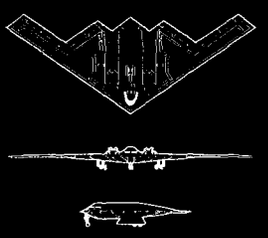

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hidden from, and a denial of, them. But whatever that first shock, it must soon have been dispelled by the way a whole raft of people in Hollywood responded to what would once have been a scandal by coming very close to claiming that they had witnessed their colleague being assumed into heaven in a fiery chariot.

And almost from that first moment it was decreed by those who dictate the nation's displays of stylish sentiment that not only would no whisper of shame be attached to what is after all essentially a venereal disease, but indeed suffering from AIDS would be deemed an honorific condition. Nor would it be honored only in profound thought and sensitive prose but, on the contrary, in the most determined and lavish public display. This decree did not, of course, extend to those who became diseased as a result of intravenous drug use; that was tacky. And as for the innocent victims—hemophiliacs, babies, and so on—for them there would of course be pity and charitable gestures but certainly no celebration. To be celebrated for having been felled by AIDS—which is to say, to be sung, storied, eulogized, lobbied for, polemicized about, and truly wept over—one had to be a homosexual. In other words, one had to have contracted the disease the good old-fashioned venereal way, through heedless (or lately, we are told, intentional) acts of anal and/or oral sex with already infected and equally heedless male partners.

Which brings us to the second problem; call it the puzzle of the scarlet ribbon. Do healthy people who pin the shiny red commemoration of AIDS to their lapel—and their number is by now legion—mean to express by it their solidarity with those who are gone? With those who are about to go? With those who will one day inevitably be going? With the disease itself? The issue is not a trivial one, for what does it mean to make a gesture of fellowhood with people who have contrived to become hopeless when one has not oneself?

Perhaps the ultimate in such display was reached in that moment of the Academy Awards ceremony of 1994 when Tom Hanks, accepting the Oscar for his performance as a man afflicted with AIDS, got swept across the boundary between performance and reality and, before an audience of millions, wept with love for his momentarily imagined fellow AIDS sufferers; "angels in heaven," is what he tearfully pronounced them to be. (Hanks himself, of course, would soon be going on to another hugely successful movie, while who knows how many of his potential "angels" would be climbing into their beds of pain.)

ACTORS and their emotions aside, it is no small thing for people who are in virtually no danger of coming down with AIDS—and who, whatever they say, well know that they are in no such danger—to make a show of cheering on those who are unlikely to escape it. Under ordinary circumstances, the word for such a show would be cruelty. It is not altogether unlike the behavior of the crowds that gather and watch with bated breath when someone threatens to jump from the ledge of a tall building: whatever such behavior signifies, we could certainly not call it compassion.

Is it, then, that their self-styled friends and sympathizers among the heterosexuals subconsciously wish for homosexuals to die—much as those crowds subconsciously wish for the figure perched on the high ledge to jump? The answer is of course no. Doubly no: nothing so horrible and nothing so simple. But what they are almost certainly up to is something no less difficult to admit to themselves. For the one unmentionable thing that AIDS has accomplished is to make sex dangerous, and hence important, again.

It would seem that human beings cannot for too long abide our present-day toleration for, and openness to, the possibility of mindless, effortless copulation. It enervates them, and leaves them with an unpleasant sensation of floating, of, as Milan Kundera so perfectly called it, "the unbearable lightness of being."

Among heterosexuals, until only the day before yesterday, the ever-present threat or possibility of pregnancy made sex important—dangerous, even. Now with effective contraception and easy-come-easy-go abortion, what is there to supply the sense of consequence? Under the old anti-promiscuity dispensation, men used to dream of sex without bother, without the burdensome necessities of entanglement. Ironically, what heterosexual men have always dreamed of—or rather, daydreamed of—is precisely what homosexual men used to have. In any case, as quickly became evident in those singles bars that served for a time as the local soviets of the sexual revolution, the heterosexual men did not thrive on being granted what they had so much wanted. (About their women, don't even ask.)

In the case of the homosexuals, liberalism deprived them, too, of a good deal of that which had for so long lent consequence to their sex lives, namely, danger—the danger of exposure and danger from the cops. They came out of the closet and marched in the streets with police protection, and yet seemed to grow ever more shrill and restless.

Now there is AIDS, and there is consequence for them indeed.

THE good burghers who don their hiking clothes and go on fundraising walks "for," as they put it, AIDS, the people who fill concert halls and theaters for benefit performances dedicated to AIDS, will tell you one of the reasons they are doing so is that unless a cure is found, we will soon all be at risk. Yet they *know* that they are not at risk; in 15 years they have seen only a handful of proper, well-off heterosexuals like themselves come down with the disease. Like Tom Hanks, they are play-acting.

"For the rich to play at being poor," says a character in Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic*, "is a dirty game." For the healthy to pretend that they are in imminent danger of fatal illness is even dirtier. There are easier and more honest, though admittedly less popular, ways of trying to call off the sexual revolution.

As for the homosexuals, the only true act of human fellowship with them would be to shake them by their collective shoulders and say over and over again: *Cut that out!* □

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DEALING WITH RACE

Where the Races Relate

As the universities struggle with growing racial tensions, they ignore the lessons of the battlefield, and of their own playing fields.

STEVE SAILER

MUCH ink has been spilled bemoaning the rancorous state of race relations on our nation's elite campuses. Yet our colleges have barely considered any new solutions to the problem. Rather than look beyond the cloisters for novel approaches, administrators merely resort to ever greater doses of the hair of the dog that bit them—more affirmative action, more diversity workshops, more victims' studies—with predictably dire results.

They have not noticed, for example, that while colleges have been exacerbating racial tension among 18-to-24-year-old students, the U.S. Army, using radically different techniques, has tremendously *reduced* racial tension among 18-to-24-year-old soldiers.

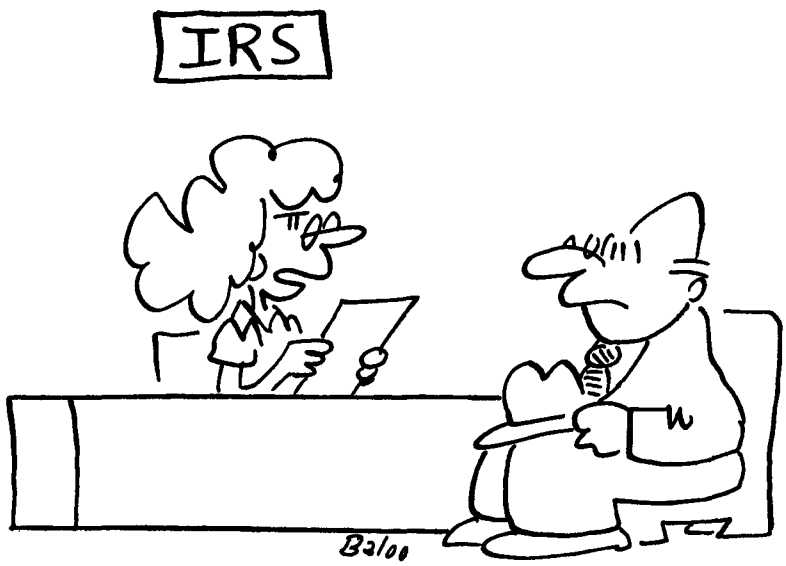
Astonishingly, though, colleges have overlooked an even more obvious source of guidance on how to manage race on campus. University presidents methodically ignore the techniques for forging solidarity among their black and white students that are successfully used by their own best-paid, best-known employees: their football and basketball coaches.

What could colleges learn about race from the Army and from their own athletic establishments? To begin with, they might discover the importance of specialization and critical mass. One little-appreciated reason for the impressive record of accomplishment by blacks in the Army (e.g., after Desert Storm there were 26 black generals) is their lack of success in the Navy (only 2 black admirals). Achievement in one field naturally breeds more success in that same field as initially arbitrary variations self-perpetuate.

According to Charles Moskos of Northwestern University, the leading sociologist of military life, one key to the strong performance of black Army officers has been a self-help organization for black officers called Rocks. In it, senior officers act as mentors to younger men learning how to live up to the demands of being an officer and a gentleman. In the Navy, however, a lack of critical mass hampers similar efforts: if, say, you are the only black officer on a nuclear submarine, you can't turn to another black officer for advice. Thus, it may make more sense for an ambitious young black to join the Army.

On campus, however, the automatic reaction to a shortage of blacks in any field is another affirmative-action campaign. For example, architecture schools have been attempting for years to recruit more blacks and Hispanics. Now, I commend a career in architecture to any young person with a trust fund, but the less privileged must remember that architecture pays wretchedly for the first decade or two (or three or four). Conservative critics of quotas often argue that lowering entrance standards for minorities is Bad, but that more intensely recruiting minorities is Good. Yet seldom does any race-based recruitment campaign stem from a hardheaded analysis of what's in the best interest of the minorities. Instead, affirmative action is an automatic response by white leaders to their discomfort over their Black Lack. Blacks have enough problems of their own without taking on this new Black Man's Burden of helping whites feel better about themselves.

Before affirmative action, unpopular but "unprotected" minorities tended to congregate at certain congenial schools: e.g., Mormons at Brigham Young, Catholic ethnics at Jesuit colleges, lesbians at Smith, and free-market economists at the University of Chicago. At these havens, the minorities could be confident of ample role models, freedom from snubs, fair shots at leadership positions, courses addressing their interests, responsive audiences for their



"How do you expect the government to bail you out of your financial crisis if you don't pay your taxes?"

Mr. Sailer is a Chicago businessman and writer.

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ideas, and opportunities for their future leaders to get to know one another. The most striking example of this occurred during the Depression, when the Ivy League enforced anti-Semitic quotas. As a result, brilliant Jews congregated at City College of New York (three Nobel Prize winners came from the class of 1937 alone). This critical mass of talent set off chain reactions that energized American intellectual life for decades.

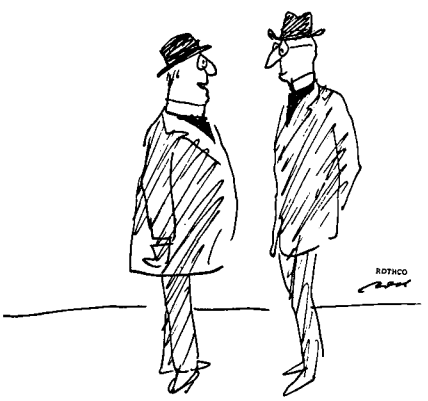
Today, though, a black high-school senior looking for universities where blacks account for a significant fraction of the best minds on campus would end up with the same list as his grandfather: the historically black schools like Howard. In fact, these colleges still appear to produce a disproportionate share of black high achievers, despite debilitating competition from far richer colleges for the brightest black minds.

Why doesn't any wealthy mainstream university acquire the critical mass of top black talent that would make it a nurturing environment for black students and professors? Paradoxically, the lock-step obsession of elite colleges with appearing "diverse" has scattered the finest black thinkers in a thin and lonely diaspora across every college town in urban and rural America. Consider the career path of the outstanding scholar of black literature, Henry Louis Gates. A few years ago he publicly mused about going to Princeton, where he could have teamed with Nobel Laureate Toni Morrison, philosopher Cornel West, and other leading black humanists. But hiring Professor Gates is a quick (though not cheap) way for a school with few first-rate black professors to advertise its Commitment to Diversity. Bidding wars have thus carried Dr. Gates instead from Yale to Cornell to Duke to Harvard.

ACADEMIA not only scatters talent, it also tends to evaluate it improperly, using the failed quota system. Again, this does not happen in college sports, which are simply too important for racial preferences. Any college president who insisted that his football coach play a representative number of Asians or that his basketball coach recruit more Mexican-Americans would be tarred and feathered by outraged alumni. In contrast, racial favoritism in non-athletic admissions and promotions appears to be universal among elite private colleges. A striking graph in Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray's *The Bell Curve* (p. 452) shows that for all 26 elite private colleges for which they were able to obtain data, the average black student's SAT score was about 170 points below the average white student's, and nowhere was the margin less than 95 points.

It is difficult to find hard data on the impact of racial preferences on "protected" minorities, since educators strive hard to keep the public and themselves ignorant on the subject. When I recently suggested to the president of a major research institution that he commission a study of the outcome of his affirmative-action policies, he responded, "Well, yeah, sure, but there are so many other things to study first." From the evidence that has leaked out, though, the impact of academic quotas on blacks appears to be unsurprisingly severe. As was first pointed out in 1969, lower admissions standards methodically mismatch blacks with schools one tier over their heads—e.g., a smart black kid who could succeed in mechanical engineering at Purdue instead gets lured to MIT, where he barely scrapes by in political science.

More insidious is the damage done to black students' motivation. Stanford social psychologist Claude Steele (Shelby Steele's more liberal twin) has pointed out that in the Fifties and Sixties the grades of a black student at an elite college tended to rise from freshman to senior year as he became more acclimated. Today, though, Steele finds that their GPAs typically decline. Apparently, many quota kids, who could be doing fine at less selective schools, shield their self-esteem by "disidentifying with" (i.e., downplaying) academic achievement. "To make matters worse, once disidentification occurs at a school, it can spread like a common cold. . . . Pressure to make it a group norm can evolve quickly and become fierce." This fear of being labeled an "oreo" or "incognegro" helps explain Steele's disheartening finding that even blacks more qualified than the average white student on a particular campus tend to underachieve, with the same grade deterioration.



"I'm not a boaster, but turning the other cheek has become a fine art with me."

Quotas also damage the prestige of minority students and faculty, reinvigorating old stereotypes. In contrast, black coaches, untarnished by favoritism, have never been more popular. And since the Army allows only minimal racial bias in promotions (race can be a tie-breaker but little more), the public's confidence in black Army officers is unquestioning. During the Gulf War, Americans calmly entrusted the lives of half a million young people to a command structure where the first- and third-ranking generals (Colin Powell and Calvin Waller) and many other key commanders were black.

Quotas not only cause difficulties for both recipients and administrators, they also divert beneficiaries from occupations where they might truly excel. There are numerous paths to success which do not require academic talent; when an admissions office diddles with a test score so that it can boast about its student body's diversity, too often it is starting a black youth down a path that ends up leaving a frustrated black man permanently stuck as an underling in a field not suited to his talents. This country has always wasted black leadership gifts, for centuries because of outright oppression, but in recent decades because affirmative action systematically entices young blacks into colleges and careers inappropriate for them. Colin Powell's vast talent for command might have been wasted if, instead of joining the Army, he'd gone to work at Bell Labs.

Because the Army doesn't play so many games with the results of its standardized tests, black enlistees are less likely to become avionics technicians than infantry grunts. However, since academic training is less important in combat than qualities like leadership, improvisation, and coolness under fire, these black footsoldiers can still earn promotions to positions of command, probably far faster than if they had been

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admitted into flight avionics school under a quota.

In contrast, colleges and universities are remarkably inept at identifying talent and allowing it to flourish. Berkeley, for example, is notorious for hiring brilliant immigrant laboratory researchers from Confucian cultures that honor scholarship but distrust eloquence, and then setting them to work delivering unintelligible lectures to hundreds of befuddled freshmen. Conversely, black men, raised in a culture which stresses oratory over erudition, find their path to the lectern too often blocked by the requirement of first performing original research. My admiration for Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. leapt even higher upon learning recently that when that epitome of the line leader found himself in the mid 1950s wasting his valuable time trying to finish his PhD dissertation, he triumphantly shortcut the credentialization treadmill by simply plagiarizing much of his thesis.

NOT ONLY do academic institutions select students differently from the way the Army and college teams do, they treat them differently once they have been chosen.

As *Platoon* director Oliver Stone has noted, whether they join fraternities, street gangs, rock bands, basketball teams, or military squads, 19-year-old males simply like to form aggressive teams. Yet, although the typical elite college loudly bangs the drum about its "commitment to diversity," few universities intelligently manipulate these youthful urges in order to get students to work together with people they wouldn't naturally choose for friends.

Through racial quotas, mandatory ethnic studies, minority-only orientation weeks, single-race dormitories, and relentless emphasis on the oppression of minorities, colleges today focus incoming freshmen on what each student is and unalterably will *be*: black or white, Hispanic or Asian.

In contrast, the military stresses only what recruits can *become*. The Politics of Identity are of no interest to the Army, which instead tries to obliterate its inductees' old identities. Beginning with the ritual haircut, boot camp forcibly impresses upon recruits that everything they used to be is contemptible. Their only redeeming factor is that they might, somehow, survive basic training and, out of the ashes of their pathetic civilian lives, begin anew as soldiers.

College coaches may face an even tougher job than drill instructors: making high-school hotshots become self-sacrificing team players. How do they do it? First, by emphasizing how lucky each recruit is to have the privilege of playing for this great university. That, of course, is the sheerest blarney: in contrast to the many self-proclaimed victims on campus, the star jocks really are victims, cheated out of the tens and even hundreds of thousands of dollars per year they could make if the NCAA wage-fixing cartel didn't force them to subsist on scholarships, room, board, and the occasional envelope stuffed with cash. Nevertheless, through sheer effrontery, the best coaches make their players forget their justifiable gripes. The coaches' second step is to get players to forget what each was—the star of his high-school team—and focus on what they can all become together: champions.

American soldiers train incessantly as competitive teams, and they don't get to pick their own teammates. Training squads are assigned largely at random, and thus each demographically resembles its rivals. Blue Unit skirmishes fiercely with Red Unit, fostering within each squad friendships that sometimes last a lifetime. Yet, the antagonism between the Blues and the Reds, being wholly arbitrary and lacking any ethnic basis, evaporates as soon as the soldiers are reassigned.

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combat by General S. L. A. Marshall validated this tradition, showing that the difference between victory and defeat in battle was often "small-group cohesion." "When a soldier is . . . known to the men who are around him, he . . . has reason to fear losing the one thing he is likely to value more highly than life—his reputation as a man among other men."

On campus, by contrast, social rivalries have long been dominated by ethnically based fraternities and sororities. And campus politics (whether contending for old-fashioned student offices or for the new and lucrative handouts for ethnic-studies centers, race-sensitivity training contracts, etc.) is now ruled by racial blocs.

Perhaps the worst mistake colleges make is with their professional divisiveness consultants—who would seem to have a vested interest in fomenting racial strife. According to Professor Moskos, the U.S. Army also began race-sensitivity training in the early 1970s, when relations between white and black soldiers were viciously hostile. Experts lectured recruits for 14 hours on black victimization and white guilt. Just as on campus, this only worsened white ill will. In stark contrast, however, the Army then decided to try something different. Today, race relations are taught by career soldiers deeply loyal to the best interests of the Army. Rather than expound to new recruits about their personal *rights*, the Army now focuses on training sergeants and officers how to carry out their *duty* to the Army of getting full value from each soldier, regardless of race. Instead of wallowing in provocative but counterproductive historical discussions of who's to blame, the new courses use role-playing to show how to find solutions: Tomorrow your squad goes into battle, but tonight a spat of racial name-calling has broken out in the barracks. If your unit is divided, you could all get killed. How are you going to solve this problem, Sergeant?"

Why do generals and coaches follow more realistic and effective policies than college presidents? Because they have to. They compete in arenas where failure can't be glossed over. In contrast, competition among colleges is superficial and innocuous: try naming three colleges that have suffered a significant decline in the value of their degrees in recent decades. Although Stanford has become synonymous with grade inflation and Berkeley with 500-student classes harangued by teaching assistants with incomprehensible accents, does either fear bankruptcy or hostile takeover bids from institutions more effective at educating? Has either seen the number of applicants or corporate recruiters wither? Undergraduate teaching institutions compete primarily upon the research performed by their graduate schools and upon the SAT scores garnered by their students *while they were in high school*. True competition would require objective tests of how much value each college adds to the brainpower their students started with. But don't hold your breath waiting for this. □

Flight of Fancy

Did the First Lady connive in false accusation and destruction of evidence? Is someone covering up?

MARK R. LEVIN

ON MAY 19, 1993, four months into the Clinton Administration, all seven long-time employees of the White House Travel Office were fired abruptly. Dee Dee Myers, press secretary at the time, told a reporter that the FBI was investigating accusations of criminal conduct against the former staffers.

We now know that the accusations leading to the FBI's investigation were raised by Harry Thomason (Hollywood producer and Friend of Bill), by Darnell Martens (Thomason's partner in his aviation-consulting firm and a past consultant to the Clinton campaign), and by Clinton relative Catherine Cornelius. All had a financial interest in the removal of the Travel Office employees. Messrs. Thomason and Martens wanted business from the Travel Office, and Miss Cornelius wanted to run the place.

A May 1994 General Accounting Office (GAO) report confirms that these "individuals . . . had potential personal or business interests in the Travel Office operations, [and] created the momentum to examine the Travel Office by raising allegations about the management of the office to White House officials and participating in actions that appeared to anticipate the removal of the employees."

But with whom did the three work to create this "momentum to examine the Travel Office"? Although Hillary Clinton refused to be questioned by GAO investigators, independent evidence indicates she was their principal agent within the White House. For instance, the White House Travel Office Management Review for July 2, 1993, states that on the afternoon of May 13, 1993, "The First Lady told [Deputy White House Counsel Vincent] Foster that she heard about problems in the Travel Office." That same afternoon, she asked then Chief of Staff Mack McLarty "about the situation in the Travel Office." And "Foster subsequently informed [Hillary Clinton] that Peat Marwick was going to conduct a review of the [Travel] Office."

Moreover, a report prepared by the FBI for Attorney General Janet Reno on June 1, 1993, states that then Associate White House Counsel William Kennedy, the White House official who first contacted the FBI, ". . . insisted that an FBI Headquarters manager meet with him, noting that the matter to be discussed [the Travel Office] was both extremely sensitive and being directed at the 'highest level' at the White House."

In addition, handwritten notes made on June 2, 1993, by David Watkins, then presidential assistant for management and administration, provide the following account of a conversation he had with the First Lady: "Hillary telephone conversation with D. Watkins on Friday, May 14. 'Harry [Thomason] says his people can run things better; save money, etc. And besides we need those people out—We need our people in—We need the slots—"

Mr. Levin is director of legal policy at Landmark Legal Foundation and a contributing editor of NR.

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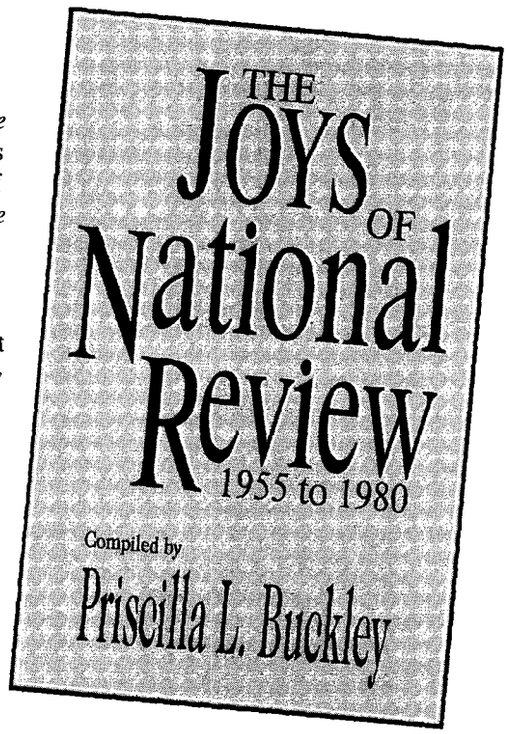

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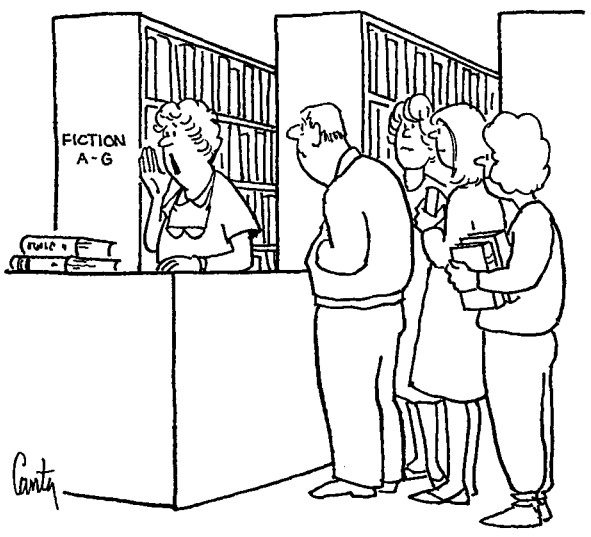
And in a May 17, 1993, memorandum, Watkins reminds McLarty and Mrs. Clinton that a management review of the Travel Office had been initiated, based on "rumors of criminal activity" heard by Mr. Thomason and Miss Cornelius. Moreover, the memorandum mentions the FBI's involvement six times. Two days later the Travel Office staff was fired.

Despite the many demands on the First Lady's time, she had such a focused interest in the Travel Office that the President's senior staff—including Chief of Staff McLarty, Deputy Counsel Foster, Associate Counsel Kennedy, and Assistant to the President Watkins—were forced to spend much of their time responding to her inquiries and keeping her informed. Yet, on April 6, 1994, in a written response to a GAO question regarding her conversations about the Travel Office, White House lawyers said the following on behalf of Mrs. Clinton:

> Mrs. Clinton had a general recollection of having conversations with Mr. Foster and Mr. McLarty about the Travel Office situation prior to the termination of the Travel Office employees. She has no specific recollection of any particular conversation with Mr. Thomason on this issue at this time.

It is this kind of dissembling that has kept the Travel Office scandal alive two and one-half years after it first erupted. No wonder Mrs. Clinton refused to grant the GAO an interview, during which the GAO could have asked follow-up questions and perhaps refreshed Mrs. Clinton's memory with documentary evidence and the testimony of others.



"Hey, Marge, do we have any books on self-esteem and/or overcoming shyness?"

WHY all the dissembling about the Travel Office firings? Who cares if Mrs. Clinton had a role in the matter? Well, the accusation leveled at the Clinton Administration is that it misused the FBI in order to gain preferment for some Clinton cronies.

Five of the seven Travel Office staffers were given new jobs in response to the public outrage resulting from their mistreatment. Another retired. However, the head of the office, Billy Ray Dale, was indicted by the Clinton Justice Department for allegedly embezzling funds and is still awaiting trial. There is no doubt that a Dale conviction would be celebrated "at the highest level in the White House" as exonerating the Clintons' conduct. And apparently the Administration is getting some help from the Honorable Gladys Kessler, a federal district judge appointed by, well, Bill Clinton. She is presiding over the Dale case.

Mr. Dale contends that pages of his petty-cash logbook, which may account for his use of some or all of the funds in question, are missing from the Travel Office, where they used to be kept. However, Judge Kessler has reached the remarkable conclusion that such evidence is irrelevant to Mr. Dale's defense because he is charged with embezzling funds in the period 1988–1993, and it isn't until later that the logbook pages were allegedly removed or destroyed.

There is evidence that Travel Office records were indeed removed and perhaps destroyed as Mr. Dale claims. For instance, a May 21, 1993, memorandum to John Podesta, then assistant to the President, states the following:

> Thursday morning May 20, Catherine Cornelius requested boxes from this Office. They were sent to her the same morning. We have heard nothing from her since. We are, of course, concerned about the disposition of Travel Office files. I've left phone messages with [Associate White House Counsel] Steve Neuwirth three times, beginning Thursday evening, and have received no reply. These calls were made because for obvious reasons we believe that there must be rigid procedures established regarding the storage and handling of these records. What else can we/should we do?

In fact, FBI agent Sculimbrene, who has worked the last nine years at the White House, testified during Dale's trial last week that he observed people rummaging through documents in the Travel Office soon after the employees were fired. Perhaps Mr. Sculimbrene's testimony will move Judge Kessler to change her earlier ruling.

In any event, the outcome of Mr. Dale's trial has nothing to do with the First Lady's frenzied efforts to help her Hollywood friends. Only she can explain her behavior, and she has refused to do so for two and one-half years. □

Second Opinion

Is the GOP Medicare reform just the Clinton health plan in disguise?

JOHN C. GOODMAN

MICHAEL Kinsley (*Time* magazine) was the first to say it on the Left. M. Stanton Evans (*Human Events*) was the first to say it on the Right. They both claim that the health legislation making its way through Congress looks like managed competition in Republican clothing. Specifically, the GOP plan for Medicare—and, using the states as proxies, the GOP plan for Medicaid—is essentially the same plan the Clintons tried to impose on all Americans last year. Indeed, the two approaches are similar

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enough to be potentially embarrassing to people in both parties—which may explain why no one on the Hill or in the White House has been making the comparison.

Clearly, congressional Democrats are hypocrites if they supported the Clinton plan last year but criticize Republicans this year for pushing the elderly into HMOs, where they will not have free choice of doctors. The Hillary team, after all, wanted to push us all into HMOs.

But what about Republicans? Is Michael Kinsley correct is saying that they are hypocrites too? Not necessarily.

Full disclosure is required. I was a vocal critic of the Clinton plan last year, and a behind-the-scenes helper on some of the architecture of the Republican plan this year. Obviously, I would like to deflect the charge of hypocrisy.

That said, I invite you to turn your attention to seven differences between Hillary's approach and the GOP's. These differences add up to a compelling case for rejecting the former and accepting the latter.

1. Under the GOP plan, managed competition replaces government health insurance; under the Clinton plan, it would have replaced private health insurance.

The starting point matters. Most of the non-elderly have private health insurance. They and their employers pick and choose among competing plans in an imperfect and regulated but mainly competitive insurance marketplace. This is what the Clintons proposed to end. The Clinton health-care plan would have forced everyone to obtain insurance through a system regulated and controlled by the Federal Government.

Medicare and Medicaid, however, are government health-care plans. Like the national health-insurance systems of other developed countries, these two programs allow beneficiaries to shop in the medical marketplace and send the bills to other taxpayers. The only essential difference between U.S. and Canadian Medicare is that Canada imposes global budgets and forces doctors to ration care. And even that difference is disappearing as U.S. Medicare's price controls induce American doctors and hospitals to limit care to the elderly.

Managed competition is definitely not better than the private insurance system we now have, which is why the nation rejected the Clinton plan. It may not be better than the Medicare system we have been living with, a point made by many conservative physicians. But managed competition for seniors is likely to be much better than a Medicare program that limps along, trying to make ends meet by reducing provider payments and forcing doctors to make rationing decisions—which is where we're headed without reform.

The choice we now face is precisely the choice faced by Britain, which has been slowly replacing national health insurance with managed competition over the past several years. Anyone who looks at British medicine today will find many imperfections. But few will argue for a return to the old-style socialism of the British National Health Service.

2. The GOP has Medical Savings Accounts.

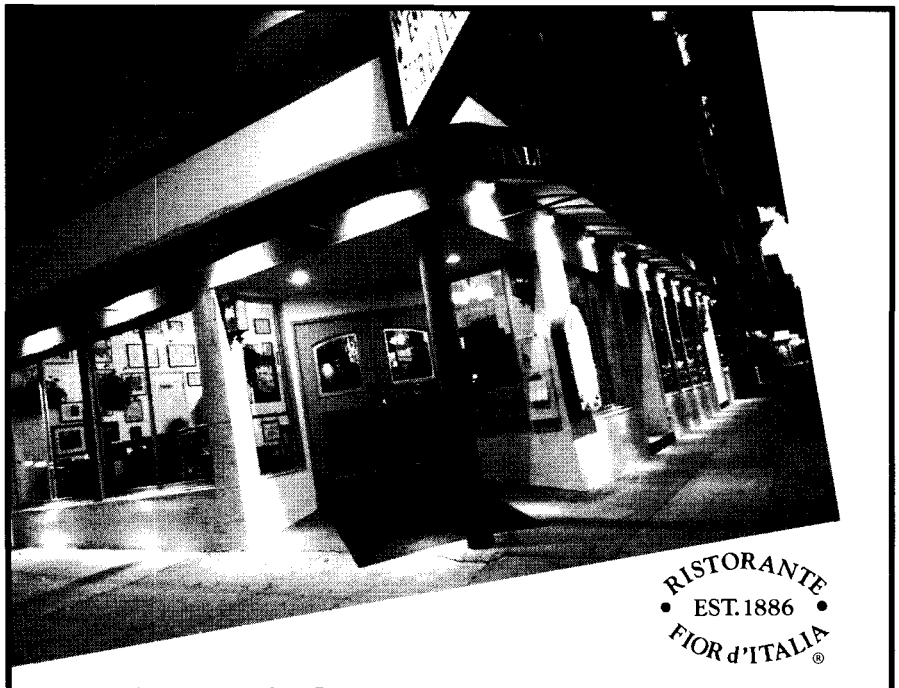
This is more important than it may at first appear. Yes, MSAs will do all the good things for seniors that they are currently doing in private plans for employees. They will empower patients, restore the doctor–patient relationship, and give patients incentives to control costs. But under managed competition, MSAs play a role that is even more important: they are about the only way to preserve fee-for-service medicine.

A key feature of managed competition is that it allows subscribers to switch health plans during annual open-enrollment periods, and in some cases more frequently. This means that the consumer's time horizon need extend for only 12 months. In a normal private insurance market, healthy people who purchase insurance need to be concerned about how the plan treats people after they become sick. Under managed competition, healthy people can give this concern much less thought. If their health condition changes, they can simply switch plans.

This feature of managed competition is good for HMOs but bad for their fee-for-service competitors. HMOs can attract the healthy by keeping premiums low or by offering services such as aerobics classes and health spas. Enrollees know that if they develop a serious health problem they can switch to a fee-for-service plan and see a top-ranked specialist.

As a result, fee-for-service plans may attract a disproportionate number of sick people and be forced to charge higher premiums. And as premiums rise, healthy people will leave, making the re-

Mr. Goodman is president of the National Center for Policy Analysis.



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maining pool even sicker and more costly—until the plan goes bankrupt and leaves the market. This is why, under Hillary's scheme, fee-for-service plans would have been short-lived and everyone would have been forced into HMOs.

But isn't Medicare itself a fee-for-service plan, and wouldn't seniors under the GOP's plan always have the right to switch back to Medicare? Yes, but that may not be much help. Currently, Medicare reimbursement rates are so low that many doctors refuse to see new Medicare patients. Under the Republican plan, these reimbursement rates would go even lower, relative to market-based fees. So even though Medicare is structurally fee-for-service, there is no guarantee that Medicare enrollees will be able to see a doctor of their choice.

Medical Savings Accounts are an antidote to these problems. MSA plans are a total departure from the form of insurance we had become accustomed to in the Seventies and Eighties, in which everything from prescriptions to routine office visits to major surgery was covered. This gave the consumer no incentive to think twice about purchasing any item of medical care, and thus led to spiraling medical costs, spiraling premiums, and such cost control as prior approvals and attempts to determine "usual and customary fees." In the MSA, by contrast, there is a high annual deductible. This results in great savings in premiums, all or part of which savings are placed in an individual account from which the enrollee can pay routine medical expenses. At year-end enrollees get to keep any money remaining in their accounts, so the plan appeals to the healthy. But, since the plan pays all expenses over the deductible (rather than say, 80 per cent, as in many traditional plans), there is a cap on out-of-pocket expenses, which makes MSAs also attractive to the sick.

Most importantly, MSAs give individuals, rather than politicians, control over their health-care dollars—which is why Democrats have tried to scuttle MSAs from the Senate Medicare reform bill. Republicans ought to be aware that the MSA option is the key factor differentiating their plan from the Clinton plan, and that any compromise on that provision would be extremely detrimental.

3. Whereas the Clinton plan relied on unhealthy competition to control costs, the GOP plan places greater reliance on spending limits.

Here's a bizarre twist in health-care politics. Last year, under pressure from Republican critics, the Clintons ran away from the notion of global budgets and stressed the role of competition to control costs. This year Republicans are not saying much about competition to control costs. They don't have to. The GOP plans to control costs by limiting what government pays.

As ironic as this sounds, the Republicans are mostly right, and Clinton was completely wrong.

Some advocates of managed competition describe their system as a free-market approach and hold up the Federal Employee Health Benefits Program (FEHBP) as a working example. Different insurance plans compete on the basis of quality and services offered. However, they must accept all applicants, and a given plan must charge all its enrollees the same premium, regardless of health condition.

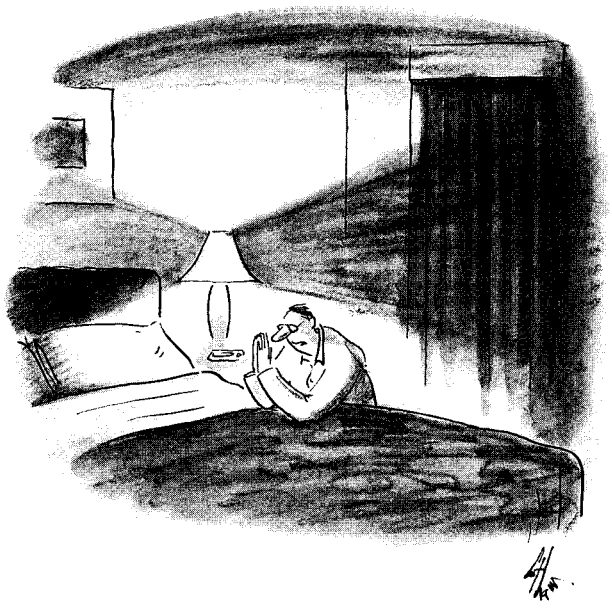
Managed-competition purists believe the FEHBP is not competitive *enough*. Each year only about 3 per cent of federal employees actually switch health plans. Purists would like to see more comparison shopping and more switching. Federal employees are lucky that hasn't happened yet.

Here's why. As noted above, people have an incentive to choose a health plan based on their health condition. Let's suppose you were in this system and discovered you had a serious heart condition. Clearly, you would want to shop around for the plan with the best cardiologists. Or, if you developed cancer, you would want to join the plan with the best oncologists.

Now let's turn the tables and assume you are the manager of a health plan. Would you *want* your plan to have a reputation for providing the best treatment to heart patients? Would you like to be known as the very best at treating cancer, AIDS, or strokes? Of course not. Being known as the best for sick people would attract sick people, which would mean spiraling costs, bankruptcy, kaput!

That's why actual competition is unhealthy and destructive under a system of "managed competition." So instead of relying on competition with perverse incentives, the GOP has taken a different tack. Its plan limits taxpayer exposure by limiting the amount the government will pay private health plans. However, people are free to choose a more expensive plan, paying the difference in premiums out of their own pockets. In this way, Medicare will reach its budget target, but individual beneficiaries are free to purchase more coverage.

The actuarial firm Milliman & Robertson estimates that with the average amount spent on Medicare beneficiaries, private health plans could pay all expenses above $3,000 and deposit $2,100 in each senior's Medical Savings Account in 1996. Now, for Medicare to stay on budget, the MSA deposit might fall to, say, $1,500 by the year 2002. Thus in 2002, enrollees in MSA plans would be exposed to $600 more in out-of-pocket expenses for the same plan benefits. But they would not be subject to health-care rationing.



"Lord, please help me to be a better person, especially in traffic."

4. Even with its spending limits, the GOP plan increases private-sector options.

In most places around the world, the term "global budget" means a limit on government spending on health care. But many health planners believe a *real* global budget is one that caps not only public but also private spending. Although most people, including most seniors, are unaware of it, Medicare has been moving in this direction for some time.

Suppose your doctor believes you need a brain scan (or a mam-

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mogram, or a PSA test for prostate cancer) but Medicare rules don't allow it. Can you step outside the system and pay for the scan with your own money? Not according to the Health Care Financing Administration, the agency that runs Medicare. The HCFA maintains that it is illegal for a doctor or hospital to step outside of Medicare and treat a Medicare patient privately, unless the doctor or hospital leaves the Medicare program entirely. Few doctors and even fewer hospitals can afford to do so.

The GOP plan, by contrast, controls spending in the right way, by limiting what government can spend and by leaving the private sector—both health plans and individual patients—free to make spending decisions on their own.

5. The Republican plan can dispense with unworkable risk adjustments.

The designers of the Clinton version of managed competition were not stupid. They realized that health plans would try to avoid sick people if the premium dollars they received were outweighed by the costs of the patients' health care. So they proposed risk adjustments—a method of varying the premium paid to a health plan based on the enrollee's expected medical costs.

The only problem is that risk adjustments don't work. In order to compensate a health plan with riskier enrollees, you have to be able to predict how much those enrollees will add to healthcare costs. No one knows how to do this. For large *groups* of people in stable insurance pools, actuaries can predict health costs with about 70 per cent accuracy, based on such objective factors as age, sex, geographical location, previous health spending, etc. But accuracy drops below 20 per cent when experts try to predict the consequences of *individuals'* switching plans every year.

As of this writing, the Republican plan has a provision for risk adjustment. But it may play a minor role if seniors find health plans they like and stay in them. There is no risk adjustment in the FEHBP, for example. That system survives because few people switch plans every year.

6. Whereas the Clinton plan would have given physicians perverse incentives, the GOP plan offers them strong incentives to make the system work.

Under the Clinton plan, doctors would have been forced to work in HMOs, where they would have incentives to withhold care. And for the reasons given above, doctors also would have had incentives to encourage their sickest patients to leave their HMO and join some other health plan.

Under the Republican approach, doctors will have incentives to encourage the elderly (especially the sickest elderly) to switch to a private plan that's good for the doctor as well as the patient.

To be sure, the Republican plan isn't perfect. The best way to reform Medicare would have been to raise deductibles and co-payments for those who remain in the system until the government was spending the same amount on them as on those who opt for private plans. Unfortunately, the GOP copied the Democrats. Seniors who stay in Medicare will essentially get the same deal they had before. But if too many stay in, a fail-safe provision will reduce payments to doctors and hospitals.

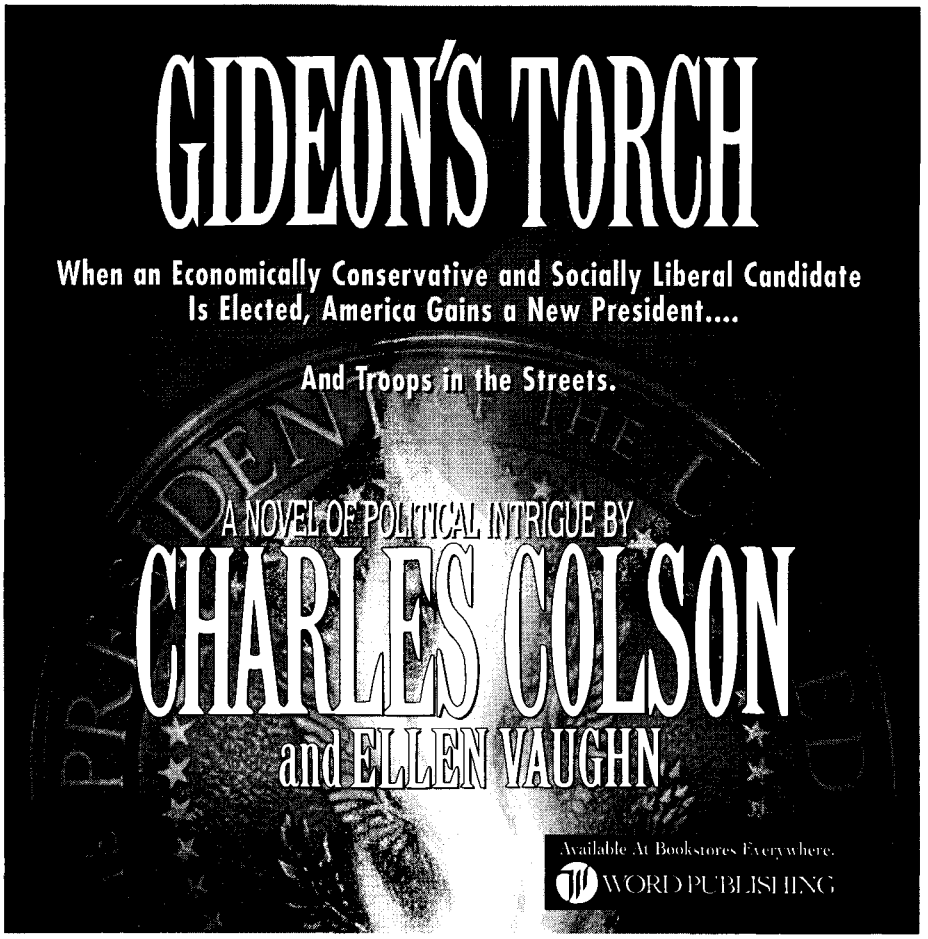
Since Medicare already pays only about 70 per cent of real costs, providers would be forced to ration care. But what's bad for patients under this plan will also be bad for doctors, who will have a financial incentive to get their patients to switch to private plans, where the premiums are higher but the service is much better.

7. Best of all, the GOP plan can drop managed competition—and the sooner the better.

There are Republicans in Congress who really like managed competition. There are even those who hold up the FEHBP as a model for reform. But they are in a minority. Even more fortunately, the Republican plan does not rely on managed competition to achieve its goals.

Last spring, the National Center for Policy Analysis proposed a plan to move seniors into the private sector while avoiding the problems that plagued the Clinton plan: First, require private-plan enrollees to stay for several years in whichever plan they select. Second, create the right to return to Medicare at any time, but charge penalties to those who return only after their health condition changes. And third, allow private plans to accept people switching from another plan, but do not require them to do so.

In short, we can have all the benefits of private-sector health insurance without imposing the perverse incentives that undermine the quality of health care. □



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Pleading the Tenth

With the demise of liberalism, can federalism be brought back to life?

PETE DU PONT

THE 28 words of the Tenth Amendment—"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people"—seem to set forth a simple principle: The Federal Government may exercise the specific powers that are listed in the Constitution, and the states and the people may exercise all remaining powers.

But the Tenth Amendment has been so twisted and manipulated by the United States Supreme Court as to render its words meaningless. It has been disparaged, ignored, and eviscerated by a federal judiciary going out of its way not to apply it. Various court decisions have called it "but a truism," "essentially a tautology," and something that doesn't require the Supreme Court to fashion any "discrete limitations on the objects of federal authority." By systematically bleeding from the Tenth Amendment any real meaning within the boundaries of constitutional law, the Supreme Court has virtually rationalized it out of existence.

For more than fifty years, since the case of *Wickard* v. *Filburn*, in which the nation's High Court held that wheat grown for personal use affects interstate commerce (and thus may be regulated by the Federal Government), the federal judiciary has consistently ruled in favor of expanding the powers of Washington, D.C., at the expense of the states, even propounding extreme constitutional theories to do so. In particular, the Supreme Court has consistently relied on the Commerce Clause to allow Congress to regulate activities within states, as long as Congress could show that the activity had some effect, whether direct or indirect, on interstate commerce. Of course, like the butterfly in Brazil whose motion influences weather patterns in Texas, every economic activity, no matter how small, can be said to have some effect on interstate commerce.

Of the ten amendments constituting the Bill of Rights, none has been so humbled as the Tenth. If the federal courts had treated the First Amendment in this fashion, church services might have been limited to alternate Sundays to save oil during the energy crisis, House Speaker Newt Gingrich might be granting editorial approval to *Newsweek*, and Minority Whip David Bonior might be deciding which peaceable assemblies meet the test of truly serving the national interest.

Part of the problem is that the Tenth Amendment goes against the grain of conventional liberalism. That liberalism is anchored in the belief that the wisdom of the national government is superior to the provincialism of the state governments, so superior that the power of the Federal Government must be allowed to reach much further into community life than the drafters of the Constitution ever contemplated. Thus *Gibbons* v. *Ogden*, the seminal Commerce Clause case decided in 1824, has been, to borrow the words of Professor Richard A. Epstein, "misread to support the . . . extravagant reading of the Commerce Clause in vogue since 1937." For example, Chief Justice Marshall's opinion stated "the sovereignty of Congress, though limited to specified objects, is plenary as to those objects . . ." But since 1937 this language has been twisted 180 degrees, as the word "plenary" is now held to mean that every issue of economic importance may be regulated by Congress.

Furthermore, the purpose of the Tenth Amendment (limiting the power of the Federal Government and enhancing that of the states and the people) is the antithesis of the liberal belief that society's elite groups—academics, the judiciary, civil servants, bureaucrats—know better than we do what is good for us. Professor Laurence Tribe recently warned, "If the Constitution's failure to nail down a given matter with absolute finality becomes an excuse for the states to adopt measures that will be upheld by the Supreme Court regardless of how much they undermine the integrity of the union . . . then the ability of the country to hold together in difficult times may be seriously endangered." In short, the judiciary and the academic legal community fear the consequences of the application of the Tenth Amendment—more power to individuals and less to the collective institutions of government—and so they do their best to construe it out of existence.

"And I'd like to thank all the little people whom I stepped on in order to get where I am."

RECENTLY it has been argued that the Tenth Amendment is enjoying a revival. Senator Dole apparently carries a copy of it with him and occasionally inserts its 28 words into his speeches. The amendment does seem to be receiving more attention from the federal judiciary, as evidenced by several decisions recently issued by the Supreme Court. In *United States* v. *Lopez*, for example, the Supreme Court narrowly struck down the Gun-Free School Zones Act as exceeding Congress's Commerce Clause authority.

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But is *Lopez* just a false dawn? In the past we have seen the High Court start down the road of federalism, only to retrace its steps to the path of expanded federal powers. Mark Tushnet, an assistant dean of the Georgetown University Law Center, holds the more cautious view that "*Lopez* is one time in twenty years that the Court will find a statute unconstitutional." I think he has the better of the argument, for old habits are hard to break. In fact, the Court recently struck down an amendment to the Arkansas Constitution providing for term limits of U.S. senators and representatives elected by the people of the State of Arkansas. It is difficult to believe that such a decision was crafted by a Court committed to federalism.

Still, the Tenth Amendment clearly fits the temper of our times. The conservative revolution that is in progress around the globe is devolving power—from governments to people, from groups to individuals, and from central governments to local ones.

Moreover, there is a growing appreciation of the fact that federalism plays an important role in self-government. As Justice O'Connor succinctly stated in *New York* v. *United States*, "the Constitution divides authority between federal and state governments for the protection of individuals"; and in *Gregory* v. *Ashcroft* she proclaimed, writing for the majority, that

> a federalist structure of joint sovereigns preserves to the people numerous advantages. It assures a decentralized government that will be more sensitive to the diverse needs of a heterogeneous society; it increases opportunity for citizen involvement in democratic processes; it allows for more innovation and experimentation in government; and its makes government more responsive by putting the States in competition for a mobile citizenry.

While the sounds of federalism may only be faint in the Supreme Court, the House of Representatives has begun the process of returning to a more federalist structure of government with proposals to invest more power in individuals and state governments and less in the national government in Washington. Tax reductions are one example; limiting increases in national-government spending is another. Proposals to return control of welfare systems to state governments, to deregulate telecommunications, and to end national affirmative action move in the same direction.

But a few legislative half-steps, as encouraging as they may be, do not create a policy. A plan for a sustained devolution of power from centralized government might be accomplished through three mechanisms: a federalism statute; a federal statute narrowing the jurisdiction of the federal courts; and a constitutional amendment further clarifying the Tenth Amendment itself.

The most effective way to focus the federal judiciary's attention on the importance of the Tenth Amendment is for Congress to force such ideas on the judiciary. A federalism statute with the purpose of both instructing the federal courts and empowering state governments would contain half a dozen elements, each of which is intended to promote a greater recognition of state and local governments' rights and to codify the intentions of Congress for its future role *vis-à-vis* the states.

First, the statute should contain a statement of principles to guide the judiciary in the application of the Tenth Amendment. Justice Thomas's dissent in the Term Limits case provides them:

> —the Federal Government enjoys no authority beyond what the Constitution confers—its powers are limited and enumerated;
>
> —the States can exercise all powers that the Constitution does not withhold from them; and
>
> —where the Constitution is silent about the exercise of a power, the Federal Government lacks it and the States enjoy it.

In addition to a statement of principles, the statute should state that the Tenth Amendment is intended to provide substantive limits on Congress's power; that the States need not rely solely on the political process for protection against burdensome congressional exercise; and that the protections afforded the states by the Tenth Amendment should be enforced by the judiciary when Congress oversteps its boundaries and infringes on state sovereignty. The Supreme Court has not abandoned these concepts entirely: in its 1992 decision, *New York* v. *United States*, the Court struck down a portion of the Low Level Radioactive Waste Policy Amendments Act of 1985 as an impermissible congressional mandate for states to regulate their citizens. But a codification of these principles is an important step in strengthening Tenth Amendment viability in the eyes of the courts.

Mr. du Pont is policy chairman of the National Center for Policy Analysis.

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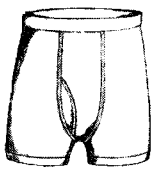

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Finally, the statute should follow with four specific statements of Congressional self-limitation:

1. That there shall be no pre-emption of state and local authority unless Congress expressly declares its intent to do so. This "clear statement" requirement is important to the concept of political accountability. Only with full and accurate understanding of both who is making decisions and what decisions have been made can the people in a democracy make an informed decision as to the policies they desire to be implemented and who shall represent them in carrying out those policies.

2. That all federal laws and administrative regulations issued pursuant thereto shall not be interpreted by the courts to infringe in any material way upon the authority and capacity of state and local governments to perform their basic and traditional functions, unless expressly declared by Congress.

3. That Congress is prohibited from imposing conditions on federal grants unless such conditions are expressly stated, are reasonable, and have a direct relationship to the program being funded. This provision goes further than the Court would have allowed in *New York* v. *United States*, in which the Court acknowledged that conditions attached to the receipt of federal funds must "bear some relationship to the purpose of the federal spending . . ."

4. That (borrowing from the "Headlee amendment" approved in Michigan to that state's constitution) the Federal Government would be prohibited from mandating programs to state and local governments unless it appropriates the money necessary to comply with the mandates. Unfunded mandates undermine political accountability, by placing the selection of policies in Washington and the execution of them in state capitals.

The Mandate Hoax of 1995

IN recent decades the United States Congress has developed the taste and the means for evading the constitutional inhibitions on the growth of government. The most insidious mechanisms so far adopted have included tax-shifting devices that enable Congress to give things away without fully assuming the risks entailed in raising the taxes to pay for its beneficence. One such device is the unfunded mandate, which allows the Federal Government to force *state* legislators to raise the taxes needed to comply with a *federal* decree. Curbs on this abuse were the subject of the first seemingly major enactment under the Contract with America. Unfortunately, the new statute is a hoax.

The Unfunded Mandate Reform Act of 1995 (UMRA) is extremely complex, and that complexity has prevented most observers from recognizing its toothlessness. The essence of the legislation, however, is easy to describe. For a limited class of unfunded mandates packaged with other provisions in a single legislative bill, it permits opponents to demand a separate vote on the mandates while the bill is being considered on the floor of the House or Senate. The statute thus does *not* prohibit unfunded mandates generally or any particular subset of that class. It establishes a purely procedural device that is supposed to make it harder for such mandates to be enacted.

At least in theory, such a device is not completely pointless, for it could have some disruptive effect on the log-rolling that allows multiple unrelated measures —each of which is supported only by a minority of the legislature—to be enacted when they are bundled together in a single bill. By allowing opponents to demand a separate vote on unfunded mandates, the UMRA could conceivably be used to block some very unpopular measures that would otherwise have been enacted.

Unfortunately, Congress created a series of gaping loopholes even from the procedural obstacles that the UMRA purports to erect. A few of the more obvious examples include the following:

—**The UMRA is not a law.** The operative provisions of the UMRA were adopted under the rulemaking power of the Senate and the House "with full recognition of the constitutional right of either House to change such rules." Because the restraints imposed by the UMRA are actually imposed only by the internal rules of each congressional chamber, the durability of those restraints is likely to be inversely related to their effectiveness. In the House, moreover, similar restraints that have been adopted to curb other abuses are routinely *waived* through obscure devices called "special rules."

—**The UMRA does not apply to unfunded mandates contained in existing law.** The states are already laboring under the burden of countless expensive and inappropriate federal impositions, and those impositions are not made more defensible by the fact that they already exist. If the federal legislature thinks their benefits are sufficiently important, it ought to raise the money to pay for their continuing costs.

—**Huge and vaguely defined categories of new unfunded mandates are exempted even from the mild requirement that they enjoy majority support in a separate floor vote.** These categories include, for example, any mandates that

—enforce constitutional rights of individuals;

—prohibit discrimination on the basis of such characteristics as race, sex, age, and disability;

—are designated by the President and Congress as "emergency legislation."

It is hard to imagine why federal mandates that fall into categories like these should *ipso facto* be financed by the states rather than the federal mandator. But if that is hard to imagine, it is even harder to imagine why their costs should be imposed on the states if the mandates cannot even command a majority vote in Congress on their own merits.

—**For new federal mandates, the UMRA applies only to bills that have been "reported by a committee."** Since both houses of Congress can and do consider bills that have not been reported by a committee, this provides yet another escape hatch from the already minimal requirements that the UMRA purports to establish.

Having tasted the pleasures of covert taxes for so long, a Congress controlled by either party cannot be trusted to refrain from abusing them. The phony new unfunded-mandate statute confirms this proposition, and reveals a structural defect in our constitutional system. Accordingly, a constitutional amendment will probably be required to address it. —NELSON LUND

Mr. Lund is a professor of law at the George Mason School of Law.

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The second means Congress could use to strengthen the Tenth Amendment is the "Exceptions Clause" of Article III of the Constitution. This could be used to remove jurisdiction from the federal courts on certain federalism issues. Although rarely invoked, the power of Congress to limit the jurisdiction of federal courts is well established. For example, in 1932 Congress passed and President Hoover signed the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act using Article III to restrict the ability of federal courts to intervene in labor strikes.

The Supreme Court, in *Lauf* v. *E. G. Shinner & Co.*, upheld this attempt by Congress to limit the jurisdiction of the federal courts, holding that "There can be no question of the power of Congress to define and limit the jurisdiction of the inferior courts of the United States."

As Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone stated in *Lockerty* v. *Phillips*: "The congressional power to ordain and establish inferior courts includes the power of investing them with jurisdiction either limited, concurrent, or exclusive, and of withholding jurisdiction from them in the exact degrees and character which to Congress may seem proper for the public good."

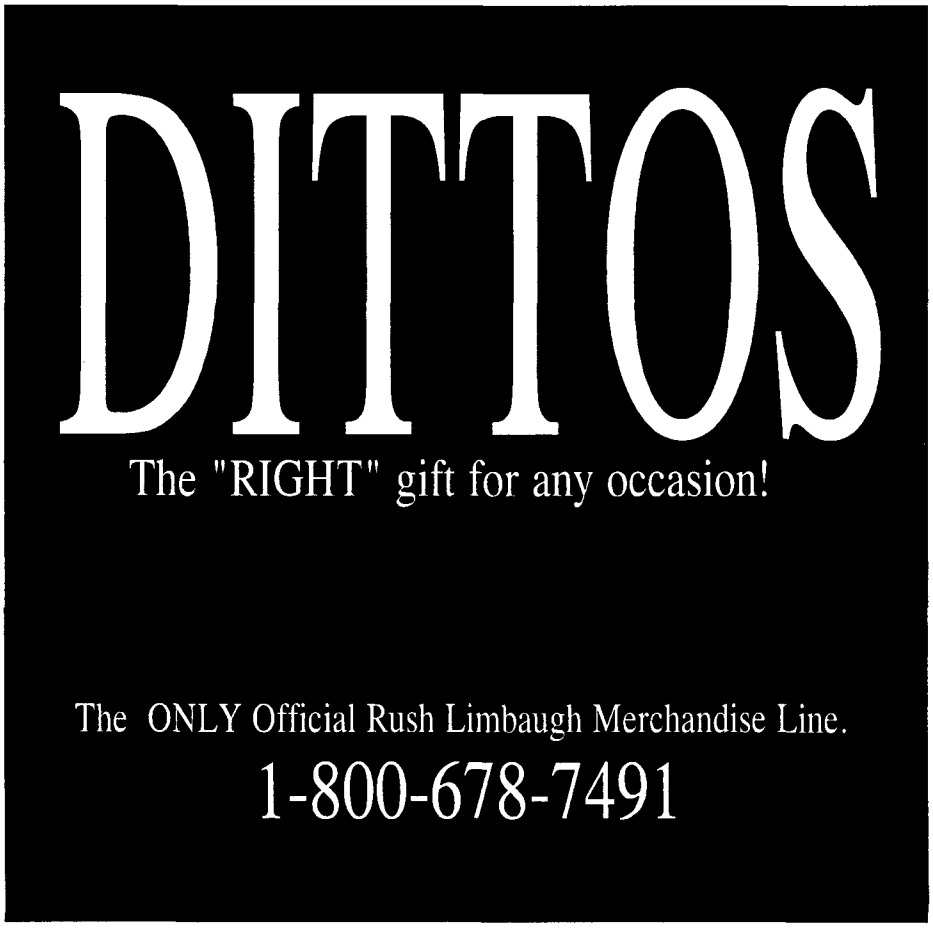
While the drafting of a federal statute to narrow federal court jurisdiction would require careful thought, its objectives are clear. They are to restore state power, as envisioned by the Constitution, over a wide range of issues, including: state and local taxation; the terms of employment of state and local governmental employees; educational standards, funding, and transportation; state welfare, housing, and transportation matters; the drinking age; abortion; local commerce; and so forth.

One example—school busing—suggests the course to be followed. The education of children has traditionally been a matter for families, local school districts, and states, as opposed to the Federal Government. The Constitution in fact is silent regarding the Federal Government's role in education. The intrusion of the federal judiciary into schools, classrooms, curricula, and programs through a lengthy series of busing cases, beginning with *Swann* v. *Charlotte–Mechlenberg Board of Education*, has placed federal-district-court judges in the role of school administrator, principal, tax collector, and counselor. Not only have these decisions been a massive trampling of individual liberties and school-district authority, they have egregiously offended the spirit and the letter of the Tenth Amendment and undermined the principles of federalism.

An "Exceptions Clause" statute to remove the power of the federal courts over school busing might read: "No court of the United States, as herein defined, shall have jurisdiction to issue any order in a case involving or growing out of a dispute involving the transportation of students to achieve a racial balance in schools or classrooms; nor shall any order regarding the transportation of students to achieve a racial balance in schools or classrooms be issued contrary to the public policy declared in this Act."

ALTHOUGH more difficult to achieve, constitutional amendments offer another viable method of restoring and strengthening federalist principles. In fact, to settle the issue of federalism with some degree of finality, a constitutional amendment would be the most appropriate solution. The most direct approach would be to enact an amendment to clarify the Tenth Amendment. While I do not offer the following as draft language of such an amendment, it does convey the spirit of what needs to be enacted: "The several states and the people shall have all powers not expressly delegated herein to the Federal Government or which are directly necessary to, and inseparable from, such express powers, whether such powers existed prior to, or were created after, the ratification of this Constitution; and the Federal Government shall have only those powers as are expressly enumerated herein or which are directly necessary to, and inseparable from, such express powers."

It is unlikely that the High Court will act until it is given direction by Congress or the people. And so we must fight the battle for federalism by persuading our fellow citizens that a revival of the federalist principles embraced by the drafters of the Constitution is important to the future of the Republic. A federalism statute would begin the debate; a proposal to use the "Exceptions Clause" of Article III of the Constitution would sharpen it; and a proposed constitutional amendment would propel the debate to the forefront of social commentary. □



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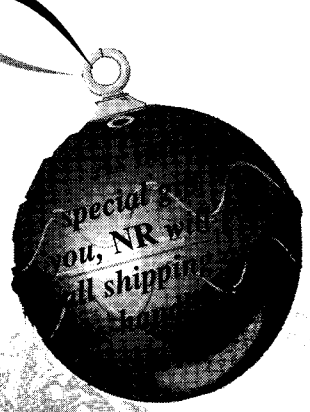

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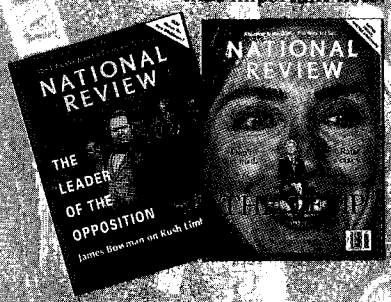

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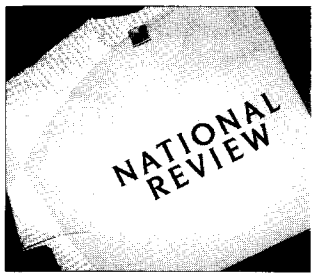

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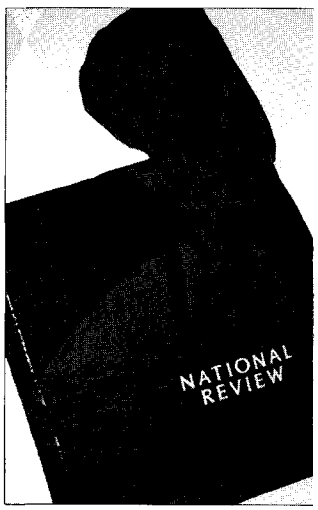

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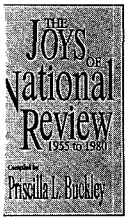

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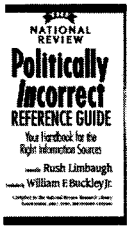

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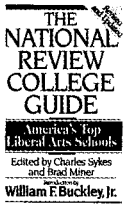

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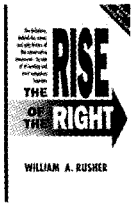

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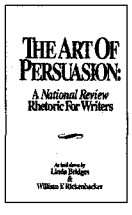

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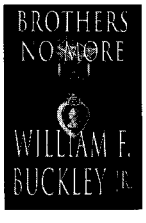

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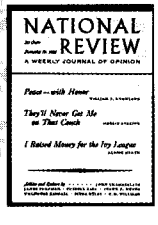

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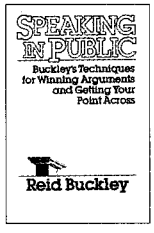

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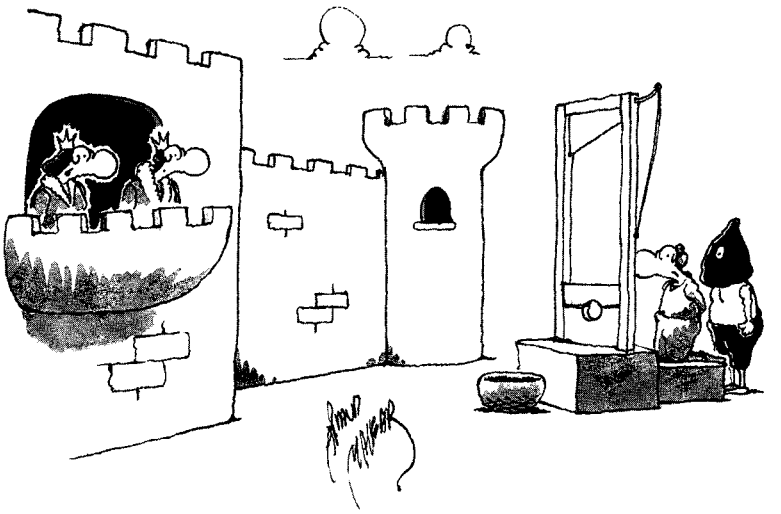
help

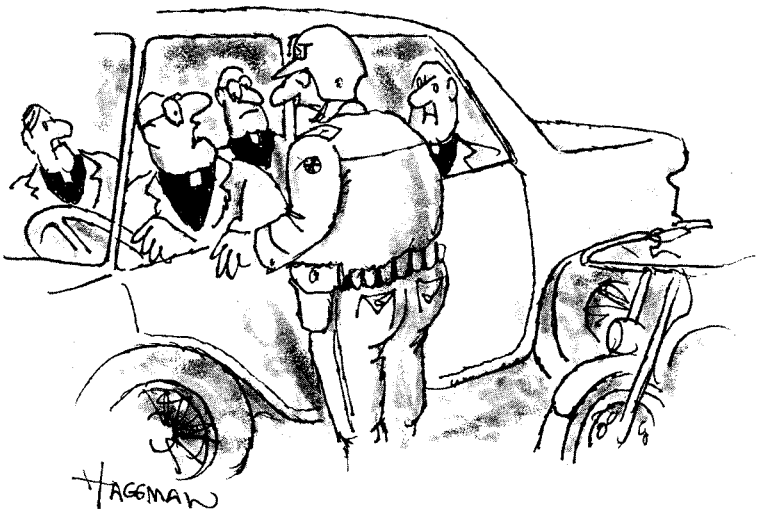
Fastidious

Long prompt
and punctual,
she loathed the impish fate
that would in death denote her as
"the late."

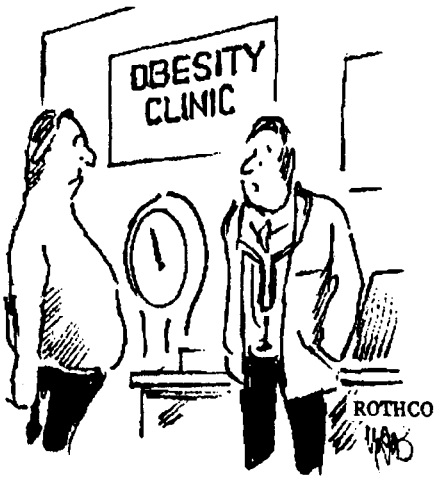
GLORIA A. MAXSON



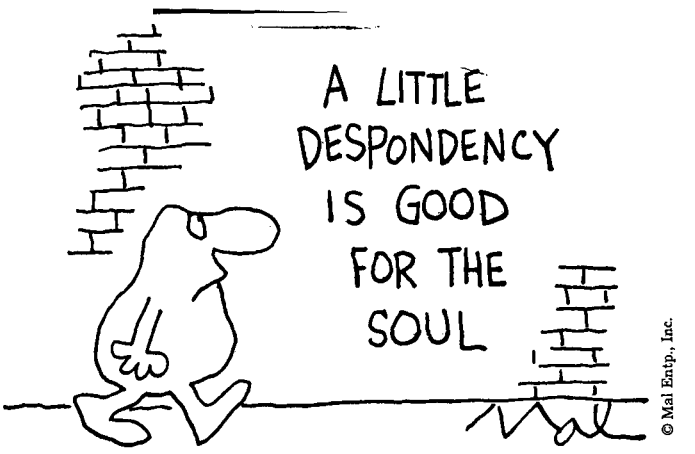
"You never really did appreciate a good author, Neville."



"It's your word against ours."



"You need to lose a few TV channels."



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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

November 5, 1995

Dear Rusty,

Sorry—this is going to have to be a short one. I've been in the Oval Office with Bill, Mrs. William J. Clinton, Bob Rubin, and Dick Morris. We were talking strategy for the coming budget battle, and I'm waiting for the meeting to resume. For the first time in months, we're feeling confident and ready to go to war!

Mrs. WJC and Dick Morris have put Bill on a pretty stringent diet—high fiber, low fat. As you must know, Rusty, ever since my New York Times bestseller Earth in the Balance (for which, by the way, I was paid a moderate advance and had my contract vetted by the Senate Ethics Committee—just so you know), they've been clamoring for another Al Gore manuscript. Just last week I finalized it. It's a compilation of all of the changes and streamlining that we've done since my revolutionary "Re-Inventing Government" proposals. Let me tell you, I sweated over those 43 pages. But in the end it was worth it—I smell another hit!

And Tipper had a cute idea: put a picture of Bill five months ago on the front cover—you know, puffy-faced, red-nosed, cottony-eyed, kind of a "government before the Gore plan" photo; and on the back cover, put a photo of the leaner, trimmer Bill as a "government after the Gore plan" photo. So now we're in a bit of a holding pattern, waiting for the leaner and trimmer Bill to emerge.

In this meeting, anyway, he's certainly holding his own. I recommended that we make no concessions, no compromises. He nodded in agreement.

"Absolutely," he said. "I think there comes a time when we just say, 'Hey, there are some things that we believe in, some things we will absolutely not compromise on.' "

"Great!" I said.

Bill looked plaintively at Mrs. WJC. She nodded to Dick Morris. Dick reached into a pocket and removed a jumbo Snickers bar. Bill tore into it.

"Gosh," I said, "that's a peculiar diet regimen."

"Yeah, well . . ." mumbled Bill, mouth full. He turned to Bob Rubin, the Secretary of the Treasury. "I raised taxes too much, didn't I?" he asked.

Bob was about to reply, when Dick Morris snatched away what remained of the Snickers bar. Mrs. WJC took out a short ruler, and with amazing speed snapped it down hard on Bill's hand.

"Ow!" he cried.

"There's more where that came from," she said.

I just looked out the window, embarrassed. You know me, Rusty: I say, "Let Clinton be Clinton."

Bob Rubin leaned forward and spoke, almost in a whisper. "Mr. President, do you really think you raised my taxes too much?"

Bill was silent for a moment. Bob opened up his case and took out a large McDonald's bag. "Look, Mr. President. Look what I've got! A Big Mac—" Bob removed the plastic box—I made a mental note to tell him that it will take our precious environment 15,000,000,000 years to digest the box that contains a hamburger that will take him only 15 minutes to digest—and Bob began to eat the Big Mac. He reached into the bag and pulled out another one.

"Well, lookee here! Another Big Mac, all warm and gooey. Who will help me eat this, I wonder?"

Bill answered in a tiny voice, "I will."

Mrs. WJC got into the act. "But why should he give it to you? You raised his taxes too much."

"No I didn't."

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU!"

"No I didn't!"

Bob tossed Bill the second Big Mac. Paper rustled, lettuce flew, special sauce splattered—the whole thing was gone in an eyeblink.

The intercom buzzed. "Bob Dole and Newt Gingrich on conference call, Mr. President."

Bill reached for the phone. Mrs. WJC waved her ruler. Dick Morris produced a large pepperoni pizza.

"Hello, Senator, Mr. Speaker," Bill said. "I must tell you that I'm very disappointed in your budget bill. I think it declares war on the poor and underprivileged, it maintains a generous welfare for businesses and lobbyists, and I plan to veto it."

He paused for a moment, while Dole and Gingrich spoke. After a moment or two, Mrs. WJC put away her ruler, and Dick Morris put the pizza down on the credenza.

Bill cleared his throat. "Actually, Newt," he said, "I see your point. And Senator, in a way I agree with you, too. Maybe if we all sit down—"

Mrs. WJC yanked the phone from the wall. Dick Morris tossed the pizza aside and asked if Bob and I would excuse them. As we crept out, a few aides wheeled in a large caterer's steam table, laden with pies, ribs, butte red corn, and a suckling pig.

I never realized that letting Clinton be Clinton would be so fattening.

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

The Goldsmith Standard

MILTON FRIEDMAN

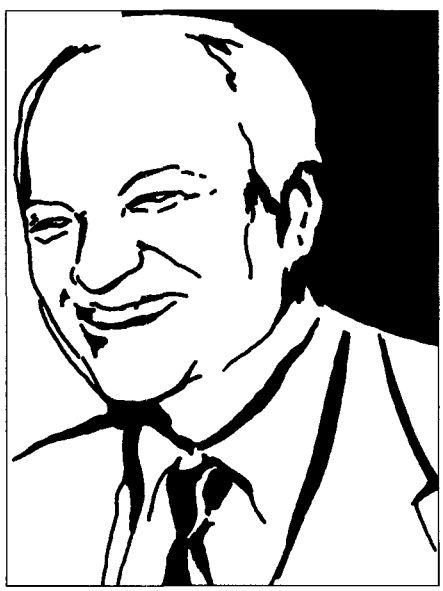
A STANDARD component of my mail consists of letters from successful businessmen, mostly retired, offering a solution for some major social problem—inflation, budget deficit, balance-of-payments deficit, Social Security, you name it. With rare exceptions, they are convinced that their success in business qualifies them to pronounce on social issues, without the need to investigate the extensive literature on the subject to which they have just turned their attention. The letters have a common quality. They are well-written, thoughtful, ingenious proposals by highly intelligent and well-meaning people, and, almost without exception, consist of reinventing a defective wheel—offering a proposal that has a long academic pedigree, and was early on demonstrated to have serious flaws.

The Trap is an especially long and detailed letter of this genus. James Goldsmith is a highly successful Franco-English businessman who, according to the book jacket, "withdrew from business in 1990 to devote his time to the pressing issues of our society." He has since "co-founded a new political movement." In short, Ross Perot with a French accent. And as with Perot (and Pat Buchanan) "global free trade" is his *bête noire*.

The Trap, by Sir James Goldsmith (Carroll & Graf, 207 pp., $11.95)

Most of the book discusses other topics, including the European Union, the welfare state, modern agriculture, and nuclear energy. These chapters express an extreme environmentalist and anti-nuclear view, founded on a romantic attachment to the primitive, and an almost Rousseauvian attachment to Nature. They are embellished with numerous references to technical and scientific literature—with no suggestion whatsoever that there may be a respectable counter-view. Overall the book is lucid, easy to read, and these portions of it contain much sense—particularly in the section on the European Union—indeed, enough sense to distract the casual reader from the equally plentiful nonsense.

Goldsmith's attack on global free trade, however, is as extreme, uncompromising, and dogmatic as any launched by Perot or Buchanan. In Goldsmith's words: "global free trade has become a sacred principle of modern economic theory, a sort of generally accepted moral dogma." It "will shatter the way in which value-added is shared between capital and labor . . . The social divisions that this will cause will be deeper than anything envisaged by Marx." And: "We have convinced ourselves that there exists only one valid economic and social model: our own. By attempting to impose it universally, we have exported to almost every corner of the world our diseases: crime, drugs, alcoholism, family breakdown, civil disorder in urban slums, accelerated abuse of the environment, and all the other problems that we experience daily." The alleged link between free trade and the export of this long list of evils is simply asserted, not documented.



Luba Kolomytseva

In fact, the technological and political revolutions of the past several decades have greatly increased the potential productivity of both labor and physical capital. Simultaneously, they have added greatly to the amount of low-paid labor available to cooperate with scarce capital from the advanced countries—physical capital, but perhaps even more importantly human capital (skills, knowledge, techniques). The two revolutions offer the basis for a major industrial revolution comparable to the one that occurred two hundred years ago. In those two hundred years, world output has grown more than in the preceding two thousand. That record could be exceeded in the next two centuries if the peoples of the world take full advantage of the new opportunities provided by global free trade.

Goldsmith's myopic vision as a businessman sees primarily the attraction of low-wage labor to home enterprises, and the movement abroad of home enterprises as the only alternative to their feared bankruptcy (Perot's "sucking sound"). Consumers may be able to buy goods more cheaply, Goldsmith warns, but consumers are also workers, and "the real cost to consumers of cheaper goods will be that they will lose their jobs, get paid less for their work, and have to face higher taxes to cover the social cost of increased unemployment. . . . The benefits of cheap imported products will be heavily outweighed by the social and economic costs they bring with them."

The easy and decisive answer to Goldsmith's fears is from history. How come the earlier industrial revolution did not have these effects? It too was produced by technological and political changes and spread by freedom to trade. It involved widespread movements of people

Mr. Friedman is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.

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and capital from the then-advanced to the then-backward countries. Did the residents of Britain, the fount of the revolution, suffer the evils that Goldsmith foresees from the new industrial revolution? In fact the first industrial revolution brought material well-being and a longer and healthier life to hundreds of millions of people spread around the globe.

Goldsmith is correct that the greater availability of low-wage labor in the less-developed world tends, if trade is free, to lower the wages of low-skilled workers in the developed countries *relative* to the wages of high-skilled workers. Whether it also lowers the *absolute* real wages of the low-skilled workers depends on 1) how much total output increases thanks to the expansion of international trade and 2) how much the newly available imports of consumer goods increase the purchasing power of wages. Historically, these two forces have been strong enough so that the expansion in international trade has tended to raise the real incomes of almost all workers.

The decline in the relative wage of low-skilled workers in the United States started several decades ago, long before the major expansion in the availability of foreign labor that so much concerns Goldsmith, Buchanan, and Perot. The expansion of foreign trade has played at most a minor role in this decline. Two other primarily domestic factors are far more important: first, the technological revolution that altered the relative economic value of different skills; and second, the failure of our public school system, which not only has a high dropout rate but also produces graduates who cannot read, write, or figure. Breaking the monopoly of the teachers' unions and developing a private-enterprise education industry would do far more to resolve our underclass problem than any collection of trade restrictions. Indeed trade restrictions would be counterproductive.

Why is it that able, intelligent, and well-meaning people, like Sir James Goldsmith and the writers of the letters I referred to in my opening paragraph, so often support policies that would achieve the exact opposite of their own objectives? One answer was given more than a century ago by one of my favorite characters: General Francis A. Walker. He was an honest-to-God military general who had enlisted as a young man in the Civil War and had risen through the ranks. He was director of two National Censuses, a professor at Yale and president of MIT, and probably the most famous American economist of the nineteenth century. In one of his books he wrote:

> Few are presumptuous enough to dispute with the chemist or mechanician upon points connected with the studies and labors of his life; but almost any man who can read or write feels at liberty to form and maintain opinions of his own upon trade and money. . . . The economic literature of every succeeding year embraces works conceived in the true scientific spirit, and works exhibiting the most vulgar ignorance of history and the most flagrant contempt for the conditions of economic investigation. It is much as if astrology were being pursued side by side with astronomy, or alchemy with chemistry.

A complementary reason for what I have often referred to as the suicidal impulse of the business community is that what is true for an individual is almost always the opposite of what is true for his country as a whole. If you as an individual go to the market to buy strawberries, the price is fixed and you can buy as many as you want. But suppose many people suddenly develop a yen for strawberries. There are no more strawberries to buy than before. The quantity is fixed for the time being and the price is variable. Similarly, each of us thinks he can hold as many pieces of paper of the sort called "money" as he wants. However, a fixed total of money has been created by the Federal Reserve System. It's a game of musical chairs. If I acquire more cash or deposits, it's at the expense of somebody else. This phenomenon is pervasive. Businessmen's experience is primarily with the particular, and most do not hesitate to generalize from the particular—giving rise to the situation so well described by General Walker.

POSTSCRIPT: Just as I was finishing this review, there arrived another book by Sir James Goldsmith: *The Response*, apparently self-published, which seeks to answer many of the published criticisms of *The Trap*. Like the earlier book, this one is not, to use General Walker's words, "in the true scientific spirit." It is rather a lawyer's brief, presenting selected evidence that can be interpreted as supporting Goldsmith's thesis. One example will do. Goldsmith cites Taiwan and Korea as examples of countries that achieved rapid growth because, he says (in spite, I say), of extensive protection and government intervention into industry. He does not mention Hong Kong, which achieved a higher rate of growth than either Taiwan or Korea, under much more unfavorable circumstances, because, I say (in spite, he would presumably say), of a completely free trade policy. □

He Flinched

PETER BRIMELOW

"I AM married to a Protestant woman named Dixie, who was born in Louisiana and raised in California and whose ancestry is English, Scotch Irish, German, and American Indian," reports Dinesh D'Souza, America's most famous Indian immigrant since—who? Maharishi Mahesh Yogi? Listing his multicultural credentials in what he must have known would be a vain effort to reason with the storm of abuse that has since broken over his important new book, Mr. D'Souza adds: "Our new-born daughter, Danielle, is, well, beyond racial classification."

Mr. Brimelow is a senior editor of NR *and author of* Alien Nation: Common Sense about America's Immigration Disaster.

In fact, of course, Danielle D'Souza is not at all beyond racial classification—though any parent will recognize her father's belief that she soars above classification of any kind. She is a Eurasian, of essentially the same provenance as the

The End of Racism: Principles for a Multiracial Society, by Dinesh D'Souza (Free Press, 724 pp., $30)

Anglo-Indian community that became a distinct mediating caste in British India and produced, among other notable scions, the regal Hollywood star Merle Oberon. Danielle's father here is truckling to the many American intellectuals who cannot or will not think rationally about race and its role in society; and to

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their frequently expressed hope that a couple of generations' intermarriage will make the whole question go away.

As a member of another Indian minority community—D'Souza's ancestors converted to Catholicism generations ago in the Portuguese enclave of Goa—he must be aware that this hope is false. It is precisely the most diverse societies that become the most obsessed with minute gradations of human type, not least because these different human types tend to gravitate to different social levels. Indeed, D'Souza actually cites the notorious multiplicity of Latin American categorizations: mulattos, quadroons, octoroons, mestizos, and zambos (*who they*?—the offspring of blacks and Indians); not to mention barconos, castizos, lobos, moriscos, zambagos, etc.

Thus fleetingly, charmingly, Mr. D'Souza flinches in the face of the conventional wisdom. And his flinching, inconsequential in this case, points to a hairline fault that runs right through his book. In *The End of Racism*, D'Souza takes many courageous stands; his book has a powerful major argument and endlessly fascinating detail. (Where else have you read that Franz Boas, father of the dominant relativist school of anthropology which has succeeded in extirpating the discipline's historic interest in racial differences, was not just an intellectual thug but a full-fledged Soviet fellow-traveler?) But it remains ultimately incomplete, in terms both of fact and of theory.

Despite its subtitle, *The End of Racism* is about not multiracialism but biracialism: specifically, the relationship of blacks to whites. Its thesis is a direct assault on the central dynamic of contemporary liberal politics, recently reaffirmed by none other than President Clinton: the idea that white Americans are incorrigible racists and that black Americans must be protected from them by the coercive power of government.

In contrast, by skillfully marshalling facts that are publicly available but rarely brought together in a systematic way, D'Souza argues that the plight of black Americans must be largely attributed to their own dysfunctional culture. His powerful thesis has to be qualified: blacks live in America, partake in its *common* culture, and are open to its increasingly corrupt influence. But black Americans have inherited and developed attitudes and traditions that make them more vulnerable to such corruption. After all, whites are not *forcing* blacks to have their current illegitimacy rate (68 per cent, nearly three times as high as in the immediate aftermath of slavery) or to provide over half of U.S. murder victims (94 per cent of whom are killed by other blacks).

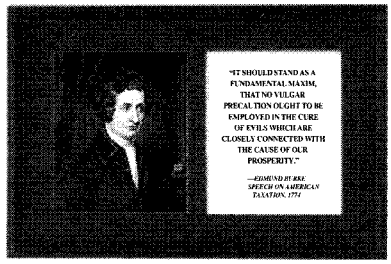
Still more controversially, D'Souza demonstrates that much of what is currently condemned as racism is actually what he calls "rational discrimination." Unjust as it may be when a cabdriver refuses to stop for any young black man in particular, the plain fact is that cabdrivers have good reason to fear young black men in general. Repressing this type of discrimination means forcing cabdrivers to take greater risk of physical injury in order to save young black men from hurt feelings.

Of course, this is essentially what the Clinton Administration is trying to do to banks, by pressuring them to extend mortgages equally to blacks. But as D'Souza notes, crediting the discovery to a story I co-wrote with Leslie Spencer in *Forbes*, blacks' mortgage-default rate is actually the same as that of whites, whereas it would be lower if banks were unjustly turning away deserving black applicants.

The difficulty with D'Souza's diagnosis is that it offers depressingly little hope for change. Governments are even worse at prompting moral regeneration than at Warring on Poverty or achieving the other boasted aims of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, from which current civil-rights law so fatally derives. D'Souza makes a good case that public policy should eschew liberal relativism. He bravely endorses a proposal he attributes to University of Chicago law professor Richard Epstein, in his book *Forbidden Grounds*, that equal-opportunity law should be restricted to government employment, which would certainly sharpen discipline in the private sector. Still . . .

But D'Souza's focus on dysfunctional black culture is certainly more palatable to politicians than Richard Herrnstein and Charles Murray's argument in last year's *The Bell Curve* that, for genetic reasons, blacks may have systematically lower average intelligence than whites. D'Souza provides a fair review of this

Our Ideas Inspired the Conservative Tradition.



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bitter controversy. He makes clear quite how much damage Herrnstein and Murray have inflicted on their academic opponents—even Steven Jay Gould has apparently retreated to "agnosticism" on race-based IQ differences. But in the end he again flinches from a clear conclusion.

Given the tough, unsentimental language in which Mr. D'Souza clothes his argument (and which has led some conservatives such as Glenn Loury to attack his book), flinching may seem an odd accusation. It is nonetheless a fair one. Having eliminated white discrimination as the cause of black America's discontents, and having posited culture and genetics as the other possible causes, he announces in effect that he just sort of hopes that it is culture that accounts for the IQ gap (which therefore might ultimately be closed). This hope is morally appealing and widely shared. But relying on it fundamentally weakens D'Souza's book.

His flinching cannot entirely be attributed to a commendable wish to continue to provide for Dixie and Danielle. It also stems from his eccentric definition of racism. He makes the strained argument that "racism" is indeed a Western invention: other cultures were conscious of race, but only the West tried to make a science of it (because only the West had science, he adds in its defense). Hence "The End of Racism"—because science might show that human differences are due to culture.

A major problem with this thesis is that it makes racism a minor problem. Murders, riots, and discrimination against people of other races might continue merrily after the end of racism (thus defined) because they would not then be inspired—however faintly—by scientific classification. Indeed, when such offenses are committed today by non-Westerners—for instance, the expulsion of Asians from East Africa—they do not count as racist under Mr. D'Souza's definition. They are merely expressions of "ethnocentrism," which is a universal (and not always malign) human trait.

This definition smuggles in the liberal prejudice that racism involves accepting that there are such things as innate racial differences. By this test, Herrnstein and Murray are indeed racists. But what if they succeed in demonstrating that such differences exist? That would prove "racism" right, which would be awkward for D'Souza's thesis. The term "racism" should surely be restricted to bigotry, of which all three authors—and America in 1995—are innocent.

Perhaps to underline his innocence, Mr. D'Souza sounds the tocsin against white, er, ethnocentrists to his right. In particular, he reports on a 1994 conference organized under the auspices of Jared Taylor's newsletter *American Renaissance*. Since Mr. Taylor's newsletter does discuss innate racial differences in frank terms, it is reasonable to infer that controversial things were said. But Taylor and two of his speakers—Samuel Francis, then a columnist for the *Washington Times,* and Lawrence Auster, author of *The Path to National Suicide*—subsequently complained so forcefully of misquotation that Mr. D'Souza's publisher took the extraordinary step of replacing his book's first print run. D'Souza's over-zealousness may have arisen from a desire to distinguish himself firmly from those with overlapping but (in his view) odious opinions. Readers of his elliptical reference to Jared Taylor's 1992 *Paved with Good Intentions* may not realize that this book substantially anticipated D'Souza's dysfunctional-black-culture thesis.

Mr. D'Souza also flinches on the issue of immigration. Public policy since 1965 has created two new minorities, "Asians" and "Hispanics." Together they now outnumber blacks; sometime after 2050, if public policy remains unchanged, whites will no longer be the American majority, or (much earlier) blacks the largest minority. There is no precedent for this demographic transformation in the entire history of the world. At the very least, it must further intensify, and vastly complicate, American racial politics.

Oddly, D'Souza acknowledges this when he argues that affirmative action can no longer be saved by restricting it to blacks, because the new minorities would resent it. But otherwise his discussion of immigration is perfunctory. He merely repeats what seems to be the Beltway conservative line: immigration is not really high; we just need to juice up the assimilation mechanism. This is particularly ironic because there is a serious case that displacement by mass immigration has been a factor in the black catastrophe D'Souza deplores.

Such a serious omission leaves Mr. D'Souza's book looking like *Hamlet* without, if not the prince, at least the gravedigger. □

A Politics of Homosexuality

KENNETH MINOGUE

ANDREW Sullivan, editor of *The New Republic*, has done for homosexuality what John Stuart Mill did for freedom: he has presented the whole range of social opinion about his subject with lucidity and fairness, and gone to work refuting most of it. Even those he terms "prohibitionists" are not dismissed as merely "homophobic." He has little patience for the vulgarities of gay lib and certainly rejects the tactic of "outing." The more plausible conservative and liberal positions are expounded as part of a dialectic contributing to his own positive suggestions. Only those familiar with the deep wells of the history of political philosophy on which *Virtually Normal* has drawn will recognize the scale of his achievement. A preliminary chapter recounts his own experience of coming to terms with his homosexuality in the course of a Catholic education in Britain. As a dustjacket blurb remarks, this is, among other things, a moving book.

The crux of the argument is Mr. Sullivan's proposal for a new "politics of homosexuality," and it is a measure of his subtlety that he recognizes the very word "politics" as a problem. Not for him the liberationist in hobnailed theoretical boots declaring that *everything* is politics. The entire point of the politics Sullivan proposes is pre-political: "We have to embrace politics if only ultimately to be free of it."

His program consists of working from support for gays in the military to the central project of including homo-

Mr. Minogue is a professor of political science at the London School of Economics.

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sexuals within the institution of marriage. Conservatives, he argues, should be the first to embrace this proposal, because it is precisely by marginalizing homosexuals that society impels them toward hypocrisy, deviousness, and promiscuity. A rational response would be to include gays within all the stabilizing institutions of society, armies and marriage in particular. That way lies frankness and fidelity.

Sullivan is not, however, a straightforward assimilationist. He does not believe that the only thing distinguishing homosexuals is the little matter of their sexual orientation. He has some excellent things to say about the way in which that Orwellian term "diversity" has become the vehicle of so much compulsory uniformity in America and elsewhere: "as the obsession with diversity intensifies, the possibility of real difference alarms and terrifies all the more. . . . The acceptance of diversity has come to mean the acceptance of the essential sameness of people." It is precisely because homosexuals are different in significant ways that they have their own unique part to play in the modern world. They have specialized in the "professions of appearance" and bring to society a more highly developed sense of form. Their loyalty to organizations such as armies and churches often exceeds that of heterosexuals.

This is all very persuasive—on the surface. Consider the argument for gays in the military. Sullivan describes the 1993 compromise of "don't ask, don't tell" as a "prohibition against homosexuals' being honest about their sexuality."

But an outsider might think that to recognize homosexuality as such would create endless discipline problems, from punch-ups in the barracks to a tribunalization of military life. An army disturbed by a new set of disputes arising from homosexual "harassment" incidents would end up spending more time gazing at its own navel than defending the country. And if this reform were to follow a familiar pattern, the army would soon face further charges of discrimination because there were no homosexuals in the top brass. Armies don't really *need* homosexuals, or women, or any particular minority, and

Virtually Normal: An Argument about Homosexuality, by Andrew Sullivan (Knopf, 209 pp., $22)

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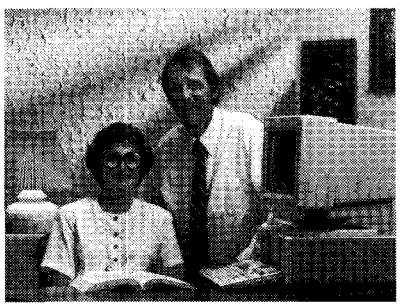

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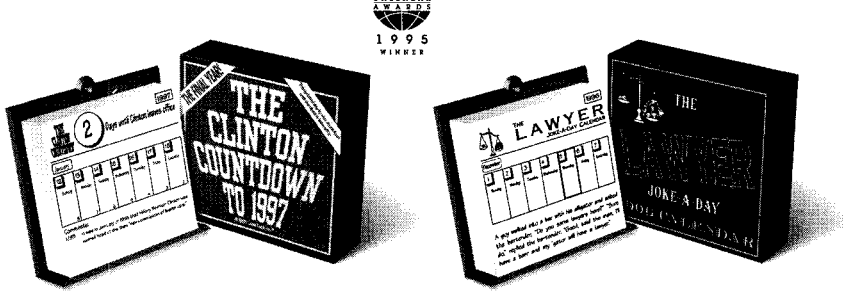

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to turn them into playgrounds for social justice can only ruin them.

Should homosexual marriage be recognized? Mr. Sullivan's mistake lies, I think, in ignoring the fact that marriage is not merely a framework for the satisfaction of desires. It creates families, and families involve children, and upon children depends the continuance of our civilization. This broad truth is unaffected by the fact that some marriages are barren, and some brides and grooms don't intend to procreate. It is a fallacy to believe that the free acceptance of homosexuality entails the state's abandonment of a stake in heterosexual marriage.

There has, of course, been a lot of subversive tampering with definitions recently in the area of social morality. The concept of a "single-parent family" illustrates how easily redefinition can swallow contradiction. But with Sullivan's proposal, we face a logical fork. On the one hand, marriage is so fundamentally heterosexual in meaning that the straight world would most probably regard any idea of homosexual marriage as mere parody. But if homosexual marriage actually came to be taken seriously, this could well be the last straw leading to the collapse of an already weakened institution.

Perhaps this would be less vital if we were still living in the relatively stable world of the first half of the century. But today homosexuals have locked themselves into a politics of identity which involves feminists and ethnic groups, all seeking to establish for themselves a form of autonomy that threatens both the state and the individual. Sullivan is perfectly aware of this in that the last thing he wants is to demand the rights of victimhood. But he has carefully skirted around the centrifugal tendencies of modern society which reinforce the conservative argument he seeks to dismantle: namely the argument that such recognition for homosexual "marriage" would weaken the heterosexual family.

Sullivan's entire argument, finally, depends on the crucial assumption that homosexuality is involuntary and unchosen, but at one point he does recognize a class of "waverers" between homosexual and heterosexual orientations. In a world of aggressive feminism, unrestricted hedonism, and the debased individualism of mere desire-satisfaction, one might well expect the class of waverers to increase significantly. Society has a central concern in any such development. And that is why the question of homosexuality cannot be discussed merely in terms of morality and justice. There is a real world out there, and justice, even if it could be demonstrated, must sometimes give way to reality. □

Heart and Soul

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THE author of this book was 53 when hit by a massive heart attack, 17 years after surviving the first such attack, sustained in 1976 at Kansas City while covering for *Time* magazine the Republican Convention that nominated Gerald Ford. He has written before (*The Chief*, 1985) about his early life as son of Hugh Morrow, the writer and publicist for Nelson Rockefeller, and here he touches now again on his youth, but looks also at greater length on other preoccupations and interests, which include his parents and their own upbringing, also Edmund

Heart: A Memoir, by Lance Morrow (Warner, 323 pp., $22.95)

Wilson, Ernest Hemingway, drinking, the Depression, his farm in Dutchess County, Elie Wiesel, anger, death, and the American scene.

This would make it all ho-hum time except that we are reading words written by a show-stopping wordsmith, one of those masters associated with *Time* magazine, in the company of James Agee, Whittaker Chambers, and Robert Hughes. And then he is trying to tell us something we will be glad to have heard. His message, drastically truncated, is that whatever the inclination, despair isn't the answer, though rage can be a solvent.

Early on the reader gets the most personal message, even though it is painstakingly denied in plainspoken (not Morrow's specialty) prose. It is that Morrow did not expect to survive his second heart attack and is not confident that he has done so. He is time and again seized by rage (his word) and sustained by his anxiety to exercise his art, which here is done for the lasting benefit of those who are elated by explorations of the resources of the language and feel stronger for having joined forces—because before long we feel as one with the writer—with so wholespirited a fight against despair. Rebecca West once asked me late in the evening, "Bill, what shall I do about everything I know?" An appropriate answer might have been: Write something like Morrow's book *Heart*.

He writes as if the language were at once a dutiful son, an enchanting mistress, a Strad violin, and Houston Control Center, programmed to deliver his message to the moon and the stars. The language is at his bidding, as completely as to any other writer alive.

> My mother and father did not know about the concentration camps then, of course. Later, when they did, the movies and photographs (cordwood corpses, waxy stick-boned arms and legs, the unbearable nakedness and impassioned objectivity of human life-disposal) formed the conscience of a time, formed mine, certainly—melted the raw elements of the mind, as if in some terrible new fire, and left it, when it cooled, reconfigured.

But Morrow does not use his great reserves only for Great Thoughts. He can dust off any vegetable, animal, or mineral. "[Edmund] Wilson has always been one of those whose work I read to steady myself. . . . But now, for the first time, in the Sixties journals, I found him disturbing. I felt a waver in his prose, the tackiness of age, a kind of piddle-staining in the ideas."

Not many writers would risk using the word "purple" in a sentence that the unknowing would dismiss as purple prose.

> The deeper water [in the Exumas] deepens to almost-purple; its light rises and bounces off the clouds, so that the very air between sea and cloud becomes empurpled. Layers of colors from beach: deep lemon green and sand-scrub dune grass, beige-white sand, ripple-web shallows at low tide, turquoises, aquas, then layering out in light blues to darker blue to darker, and the deeps. Cotton-ball sky undershadowed, underblued.

Mr. Buckley's current novel is Brothers No More.

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We've all been to the Bahamas, but without such eyes as now tell us what we failed to remark and, therefore, failed to see.

Lance Morrow the intellectual touches on matters of thematic consequence. On the lasting effect on the American character of the Depression: "My father had undoubtedly been marked by the Depression, shadowed by it, chilled by it." On the special role of alcohol in generating hostility:

> Alcohol always got the boys started. A bully gets inflamed at the black face near, a certain energy of viciousness brought up by the booze needs its release and the energy goes to the boot to kick the nigger. . . . The redneck grievance rises in the drinker's brain—the opportunistic rage, maybe nothing more complicated than old tribal antipathy, . . . all very basic and mean, no subtleties required.

But he is also the journalist who takes targets of opportunity; here and there, for instance, passages that members of the Rockefeller family ("that thin Protestant court of earnest public ideals and a grim exuberance of private sexual itches") will want to read, or, better, will want not to read. And we hear the voice of the heuristic reporter: "And now," he writes from the Bahamas after looking back on the slave trade, "there is another line, this one white: drugs vectoring irresistibly north where they will find their way minutely into the North American veins, bloodstreams, brains, and make a ruin there as utterly as the slave trade left its ruin on these islands."

But above all he feels the need to write what is on his mind, to write about those "myths" that "have been simultaneously forming and eating away at my heart all these years: the time, the country, the family, the architecture they coalesce to form. Myths have such powers. I cannot disavow them, or escape them, or expel them from my heart, except by telling them as a story." The past, he has already told us, "is not my bliss, but writing it up is my apprenticeship to bliss."

Toward the end of the book we know it is time for the concluding reconciliation. He has told us about his rage, "the rage that kills love, kills the heart. I have felt it happen." Death, we know, has been a constant companion: "My heart feels sometimes as if it wants to tighten again, and this time die." He thinks himself "ungraciously fatalistic, a

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snarling self-pitier of the minor American clerisy, the scribbler tribe." This is not the impression he leaves, but we know he is haunted by the memory of his father, "such a civilized man, full of nuance and information and wit and feeling. A civilized city of a man. And then when the stroke befell him, he had to live in the ruins of himself and boil grass from the public parks. He was besieged by monsters. The library of his mind burned down."

"I began this writing," he summarizes, "as a record of a heart attack and a struggle to recover from it. I assumed that I could not recover until I could account for the reasons for the heart attack, and for the one that hit me 17 years earlier." Has he accomplished his mission? After all, "time has taken on a clarity and tenderness."

Yes, and the reader tells himself, it is so, and we pause gratefully at what we take to be the coda, that final sentence in the chapter that ends at his home in Millbrook. "In the evening light of the farm in mid April when I walk out, every blade of grass is articulated to the eye in perfect clarity: a wind of golden light across tousled emerald earth."

But there is more. Another chapter. He and his wife, Susan, set out cross country in the car. What we were prepared to dismiss as supererogation becomes instead an obbligato. He is standing on the rim of a canyon and feeling the terrible lure of the eight-hundred-foot vertical drop "to the canyon's dreamlike, pastoral floor."

He stays fixed for several hours and then exerts a concentrated but conclusive effort—to push back away from the great, alluring fall. We know then that he is fully recovered, and we are lastingly grateful to have made the way back with him. □

FILM

Extraordinary Women

JOHN SIMON

WELL now, ***To Die For*** is almost enough to restore one's faith in the American cinema. It is "based on a true story," which is today's magic film formula. At worst, this means guaranteeing the audience something more authentic than the typical Hollywood tall tale, while (under the cover of "based on") spinning a large ball of Hollywood yarn around a small spool of reality. At best, however, it means something like this film.

Shrewdly, *To Die For* is a comedy, which is highly advisable nowadays. The grisliest brutality is, of course, permissible, provided it is as unserious as a preposterous car chase or a performance by Brad Pitt or Antonio Banderas. Anything weightier than that must be sneaked in in a format you can laugh off. Quentin Tarantino has figured this out: he offers his spurious material in a risible package and assumes it will be taken seriously. And, sad to say, it is.

To Die For, however, is genuinely funny and genuinely serious. It hovers on the verge of absurdist satire, but is, looked at more closely, the unappetizing, infinitely melancholy truth. On the surface, it is the vastly amusing tale of Suzanne Stone, an ambitious young beauty from the New England seaside town of Little Hope, who aspires to, conspires for, and expires from TV celebrity. It is a cautionary tale whose heroine is a real caution and—oh, happy day—based on a real person.

Suzanne is, in Joyce Maynard's clever novel as in Buck Henry's script directed by Gus Van Sant, one of the true imaginative villains of fiction who elicit uneasy admiration, even grudging affection. To stick only with Shakespeare, think Iago, Caliban, or Richard III. Any lesser villain might as well turn in his union card. Who today remembers Marlowe's evil Jew, Barabas? But who can forget Shylock, no matter how many American high schools ban *The Merchant of Venice*? And who is more tragic in *Les Misérables*: the hero, Valjean, or the heavy, Javert?

Our Suzanne wants to be famous, for which, quite obviously, she must be on television. She has all, that is to say both, the requirements: photogenic good looks and just the right amount of dumbness; she is crazy as a loon, but also as a fox. For example, she knows full well how much more Gorbachev might have accomplished "if he had had that big purple thing taken off his forehead." Further: "So many people don't know what they want to be, which is a real tragedy in my book. Because I always knew who I was and who I wanted to be." And: "You aren't really anybody in America if you're not on TV. 'Cause what's the point of doing anything worthwhile if nobody's watching?"

So, in order to be on TV, she'll do anything. Take a menial goferish job at the dinky local TV station; cheat on her benighted restaurateur husband on their honeymoon; when hubby gets in the way of her career, set her high-school-student lover (chosen for just that purpose) to killing that obtrusive, unfamous spouse; then dump the poor amorous murderer as summarily as only a hot tomato can drop a hot potato. For, come to think of it, Suzanne has a third necessary ingredient for success: that blinkered, hell-bent, humorless compulsion to Make It. "I pity the poor guy that ever tries to say no to you," says Ed Grant, the dinky TV station's manager. In perfect earnest, Suzanne answers, "Nobody ever does."

Admirably, the movie never loses sight of the true villain, blacker and deadlier than Suzanne: the media, specifically television. Hence the film, however cinematic, fixes its gaze on TV. In shot after shot, people are watching television. Or we actually see the little screens Little Hope is watching. Or we see the characters of the movie being interviewed for television. Or we see them as they appear on TV. Or we see the heroine (or someone else) talking in extended closeup, which, even if it turns out otherwise, looks like a TV interview. In some shots, we watch simultaneously the watchers and the watched.

You have to hand it to Suzanne. Who else would get married in exactly the same veil Maria Shriver wore for her (televised) wedding? Who else would serve something outlandish at her wedding luncheon because it is "the dish they serve in Johnny Carson's favorite restaurant in Hollywood"? And who else, unable to cook, would have ordered said dish from a local restaurant—not her husband's—and passed it off as her own handiwork? So, of course, she can also get away with killing her husband via her teenage boyfriend and his

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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chums. What jury would convict such an attractive and popular TV weather girl? (Ask O.J., he'll tell you.) But, alas for Suzanne, there are dark powers abroad in our society that mete out better justice than a jury can. (So, by the way, could a cat.)

Such a tricky film has to be cast just right, and this one is. Nicole Kidman was an enchanting teenage actress in Australia, and not much of one once she hit America; to be sure, marriage to Tom Cruise could stunt anyone's career. Here she comes gloriously into her own: the long legs and long, invitingly waving hair; the redhead's patented milk-white skin; the huge, expansible eyes that, when crossed, can match a basilisk's stare. And that body, so girlish yet voluptuous. This is a barbed-wire Barbie doll, a little Miss Muffet who knows when to get off her whatever. Van Sant captures every wheel revolving inside that brain.

Other roles are equally well cast. Matt Dillon could not be better or dopier as the doltishly smitten Italian restaurateur husband, who knows as little about restaurants as about women. Wayne Knight is the epitome of a small-time TV-station manager, smart enough to recognize the menace of Suzanne, but powerless to control her. Kurtwood Smith and Holland Taylor are perfectly befuddled as her white-bread WASP parents, even as Dan Hedaya and Maria Tucci are more demonstratively shocked as her Italian-American parents-in-law. How right that Suzanne's father-in-law should wreak vengeance not only on Suzanne but also on the television set, which, smashed by his baseball bat and its wires hanging out, still manages to sputter on, a veritable robot Rasputin. And Joaquin Phoenix, the late River Phoenix's unappealing brother, is convincingly muddle-brained and mush-mouthed as a piece of Silly Putty in Suzanne's lethal hands.

Danny Elfman's score is suitably elfin, and Eric Alan Edwards's cinematography is, as in *Kids*, both picturesque and mocking. But everything works for the Maynard–Henry–Van Sant trio. Take the episode where an uncredited George Segal, as a slick TV executive, is seducing the honeymooning Suzanne, who is asking for it. This potentially vulgar scene is carried off with an artful artlessness that is disarmingly beguiling. Or what of an even shorter scene where Suzanne, begrudging other girls everything, tosses a mean wedding bouquet; you don't see it land, you merely hear it plop to the ground.

■ There is no such subtlety in ***Leaving Las Vegas***, written and directed by the Britisher Mike Figgis from an autobiographical novel by John O'Brien, who killed himself two weeks after the book was sold to the movies. It is about Ben, whose alcoholism has lost him everything, and who heads for Las Vegas to drink himself to death. On a nonstop binge, he picks up Sera, a winsome hooker; because he treats her with respect, she falls in love with him. He, likewise in love, moves in with her. She keeps plying her trade, he hitting the bottle; in between, they are as mutually nurturing as can be. Sera talks and acts like a Vassar girl; Ben is as dignified, though not as sober, as a judge. Since he can consume inordinate amounts of liquor, it is assumed that we, too, can swallow this preposterous couple.

Everything about *Leaving Las Vegas* has taken leave of its senses. How could a full-time hooker, who must often bring her johns back home, have a live-in lover, even if he is in a drunken stupor? How can we believe that such a charming prostitute would never have been treated decently before, and would fall deeply in love after one "date" with the first man who is unaggressive—perhaps only because he is falling-down drunk? And stay in love with someone as loathsome as Nicolas Cage, who plays Ben? I have seen more charisma in Bowery bums, and better acting (not to mention looks) in a chimpanzee.

O'Brien's suicide is supposed to authenticate the whole caboodle, as if there weren't deceptive half-truths in life as in autobiography. What are we to make of Ben, who is never seen without a glass, a bottle, or two bottles, one in each hand? Anyone this drunk would have been dead by the film's second reel. And why is this man such a drunk? Aren't we entitled to know? And why does Figgis direct the movie in shard-like, MTVish scenes full of jump cuts? Yet the film is not without one saving grace. As Sera, the lovely Elisabeth Shue breaks your heart. Forget that she is playing an unlikely whore, and view her as a woman desperately, selflessly, sublimely in love, and the performance etches itself into your memory. Too bad that it is wasted on this film. □

THEATER

LuPonistas

JOHN BLOOM

THOSE of us who arrived for ***Patti LuPone on Broadway*** without proper visas were diagnosed according to our degree of benightedness and assigned seats adjacent to fervid *LuPonistas*. You can recognize these gentlemen (they are rarely females) by their tendency to convulse on the money notes, tear up when Miss LuPone sings to "cruel Johnny," and make involuntary hand gestures as soon as the piano introduction is into its second bar. I was assigned to a *LuPonista* First Class, who told our row where he had first heard Patti sing each page of the LuPone songbook.

Unfortunately, despite this level of scholarship, he could not explain the pants suit. When the curtain rises, Miss LuPone sings a few bars from the deep shadows, then emerges in a white blouse that resembles a frilly lampshade and black velveteen pants that exaggerate her pear-shaped bottom beyond what is normally acceptable at Long Island bridge clubs. The only nod the diva makes toward Broadway glamor comes when a quartet of black harmony singers wrap her in a giant yellow feather boa while singing "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens."

Somewhere between the Iran hostage crisis and the L.A. earthquake, I seem to have missed Patti LuPone. I missed her

Mr. Bloom is NR*'s theater critic.*

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legendary star turn as Evita Perón. I missed her as Fantine in *Les Miz*, as Reno Sweeney in *Anything Goes*, and as the original Norma Desmond in the London production of *Sunset Boulevard*. To devoted LuPonians, a cultural disaster occurred when Miss LuPone was fired and replaced with Glenn Close just before the show opened in New York. This tragic event is regarded as a theatrical equivalent to the Kennedy assassination: a diva in her prime, in the most glorious role of her life, struck down before her greasepaint was dry. Andrew "Lee Harvey" Lloyd Webber is so reviled by her fans that he is never mentioned in the current show, even as she sings one after another of his hits. She makes several not-so-thinly-veiled references to the firing, all in that Las Vegas "show patter" kind of way, and at one point trots out her Norma Desmond costume, one of many she says she has stolen (wink, wink) from various theatrical producers. This is about as profound as the show gets.

Even when Miss LuPone does her hits, like "I Dreamed a Dream" (one of the most heart-rending songs of the stage) and "Don't Cry for Me, Argentina," there is something cold and mannered at the center of that tremulous vibrato. Perhaps that's why the show is chock-full of lighting effects (including the fashionable practice of letting a blinding spot pass across the eyeballs of the audience), bits with jolly back-up singers, and blurry slides projected onto a screen at the back of the stage. When she flutters a fan across her overly lipsticked mouth and launches into "Heat Wave," it feels like Tuesday night in a Greenwich Village cabaret. And maybe that's the point. This is a backstage show, for those fascinated with backstage stories. Old-fashioned guys, like me, who still want to be swept away by a musical fiction, are left thinking that maybe we would have been better off a few blocks south at *Sunset Boulevard*, where, if Miss LuPone had forgiven Lee Harvey Webber, she would be holding court now. For in the theater, an assassination *can* be reversed.

■ Nixon haters and Nixon lovers will feel equally shallow in the presence of Gerry Bamman's portrayal of the now-mythic President on the night before his resignation, in a remarkable off-Broadway play by Russell Lees called ***Nixon's Nixon***. This fictional version of a two-hour meeting between Nixon and Kissinger that took place that night (but was *not* taped) sails from the farcical to the tragic, stopping at every emotion in between, and when Bamman takes his final bow, on the tiny stage of the MCC Theatre, the amazing thing is that the audience realizes, for the first time, that he looks nothing like Nixon.

■ ***Pomp, Duck, and Circumstance*** is the world's largest dinner theater, conducted in a 1930s circus tent that was imported by entrepreneur Dieter Esch, former resident of German prisons (for financial misdealings) and current owner of the flashy Wilhelmina modeling agency. For 150 bucks a person, you get to sit at a table for eight, where you are assaulted by 85 comedians, musicians, acrobats, trapeze artists, fake waiters, and *real* waiters while you consume a four-course meal (hence the duck in the name) and try to puzzle through a convoluted farce involving treachery, ineptitude, and, of course, love among the employees. If having a soup plate thrown to you while watching a mid-level European circus act appeals to your sense of humor, by all means head to the park at 53rd Street, overlooking the Hudson, and order some cheap white wine before the whole troupe decamps for Las Vegas, where I'm sure they will feel much more comfortable.

■ Elsewhere in Manhattan: The impossibly tall Jordan Baker, a mesmerizing actress wherever she appears, overwhelms the rest of the cast of Tennessee Williams's ***Suddenly Last Summer***, a Circle in the Square revival worth seeing if only for Miss Baker's unbearably emotional take on the haunted lobotomy candidate Catharine Holly. . . . From London comes Tom Courtenay in ***Moscow Stations***, a one-man play based on the dead-end life of alcoholic Russian cult novelist Venedikt Yerofeev. It's one of those things that try to say something about Communism, brotherhood, art, life, and the cosmos, and it's all very Russian, and it's all very British, but the philosopher/drunk is a conceit not readily saleable to an audience that has just trundled in on subway cars full of such characters. □

MANNERS

Clothes Call

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

FALL is here at last and I've been looking forward to it for a number of reasons: crisp autumn air, orange leaves, pumpkin pie, and the probability that the sexier women on our city streets would begin to put their clothes back on again. By winter, they may be fully dressed.

Don't get me wrong. I like female bodies. But over the last decade, every heterosexual man with fully oxygenated blood must have noticed the gradual disrobing that has been going on among women in major metropolises. The recent dust-up about Calvin Klein's soft-core photo ads missed the point. Women well above age 17 are wearing less today than at any time since I entered puberty in 1976.

The male instinct tells us to celebrate this. Recently I conducted a survey of my male friends, in their twenties and thirties, and found they had all taken note of the evolution in fashion: shorter shorts, shorter skirts, chiffon-type skirts that are long but see-through, suggestively ripped Levis, very tight and small white T-shirts baring eight inches of tanned stomach, very thin loose T-shirts worn without a bra. No shape or location of anything, no question as to firmness or softness, is left ambiguous.

"Lately I can't keep my eyes in my head," Glenn, a 29-year-old graduate student, told me appreciatively. "I'm walking down the sidewalk just memorizing what these girls look like."

"You know the scene in *Desperado*?" asks Perry, a book agent. "This girl in a mini-skirt crosses the street. Two Mexican guys in cars are staring at her and they crash head-on, but she just turns around and smirks. It's like that for me all the time."

Surely there are fewer bras on big-city streets than at any point since the bra-

Mr. Klinghoffer is NR's literary editor.

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burning Sixties. I mean, leave Calvin Klein out of it. His ads were tame enough to be reproduced in full in the print and broadcast media. Some of the outfits I've seen on a balmy Saturday night on Manhattan's Upper West Side could not be fully described—in words, never mind pictures—in the respectable press. Can it be more than a decade before women stroll topless in New York, Washington, and Los Angeles?

Yet when they are done rejoicing at the unfolding vistas, my buddies start to voice certain doubts. "I mean," Ira, a commodities trader, says uncertainly, "what the hell do they want, anyway?"

The problem is, after you've thanked Providence for all the previously hidden body parts, you realize that the parade of them has turned you into an oaf, a creature of incessant ogling. Danny, a lawyer, explains poignantly: "It's gotten to the point that, when I see someone coming down the street and I think she's going to knock my socks off, I turn my head. Or cross the street."

I have also talked to women about the subject, and their annoyed response to men forever checking them out pretty much comes down to: Well, if you would all just look straight ahead like West Point cadets, you wouldn't have a problem. Danny accepts this reasoning. Referring to the rules of modesty that used to govern dress among men and women, he asks, "Why should we penalize women because we're dysfunctional?" Being an oaf, in other words, is a matter of free choice.

Is it really? When you describe something as dysfunctional, you mean it doesn't work the way nature intended. A dysfunctional heart pumps too little blood. Dysfunctional lungs don't process enough oxygen. Yet for millennia, when any generally healthy heterosexual male has been confronted with a woman's almost-naked body, he has reacted the way a man hungry for food does when you wave a pizza under his nose. There is something essential in men that makes them want to look. And look and look. It's a desire that can be trained, not extinguished.

Which is to say, ladies, that you are pushing our buttons. "Sometimes I try not to look," explains Mike, an editor. "But it's like when I tried to quit therapy. The shrink knew every button to push. Guilt, anxiety. He almost talked me out of quitting, but then I got mad at being manipulated and quit anyway." Some buttons produce guilt or anxiety; others the thrill of titillation. Probably resentment exists below the surface in more than a few men.

Nor does the sight of half-dressed women merely turn men into boors. Worse than that, frankly it's a bore. With all the interesting things to think about in the world, when the weather is fine and we walk outside we are stuck gazing at successive pairs of thinly draped bosoms. No doubt the United Nations took so long to arrive at a coherent Bosnia strategy partly owing to the proximity of the male delegates to the streets of New York.

If it is any comfort to us heterosexuals, a homosexual friend of mine says that he and his comrades have it just as bad. I don't buy it, though. At gay parties and rallies, he complains, guys are constantly taking their shirts off, and they'll take yours off too if you don't watch out. That must be annoying. On the other hand, I haven't encountered a gay man walking down Broadway with his fly open or a hole in the crotch of his jeans. Yet. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Emotional Intelligence, by Daniel Goleman (Bantam, 352 pp., $23.95)

THIS entry in the politically correct psychology sweepstakes has been winning big on the best-seller lists, no doubt because its message is so touchy-feelingly agreeable. Daniel Goleman tells us that a) what mainly matters in life outcomes is emotion, not cognition; b) kids who start out lacking the right emotions can learn them in school; and c) once learned, they result in academic gains as well as lots more happiness. Mr. Goleman labors to distinguish his handiwork from the endless flood of self-help books lacking any real scientific basis. He says that *Emotional Intelligence* could not have been produced earlier because only recently has science begun, in his characteristically klutzy phrase, "to map with some precision the human heart." In fact one sees few signs of precision in this book, which is relentlessly anecdotal and sel-

(Continues on page 72)

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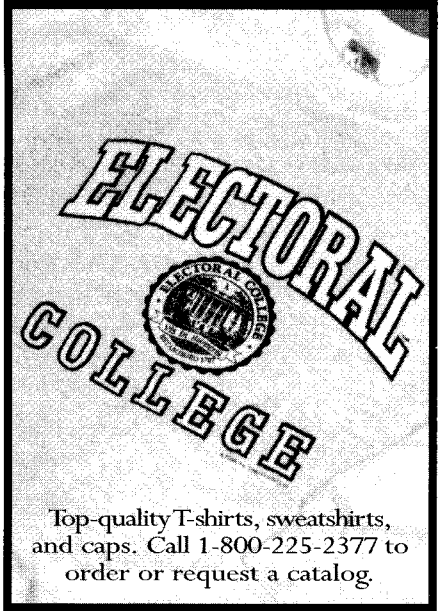

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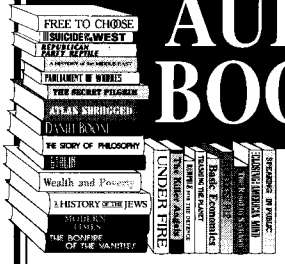

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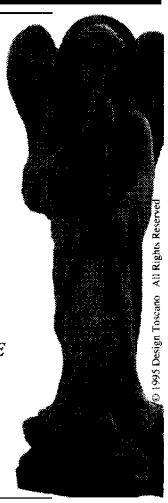

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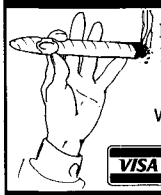

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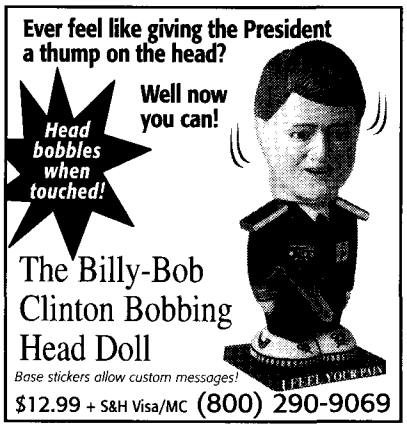

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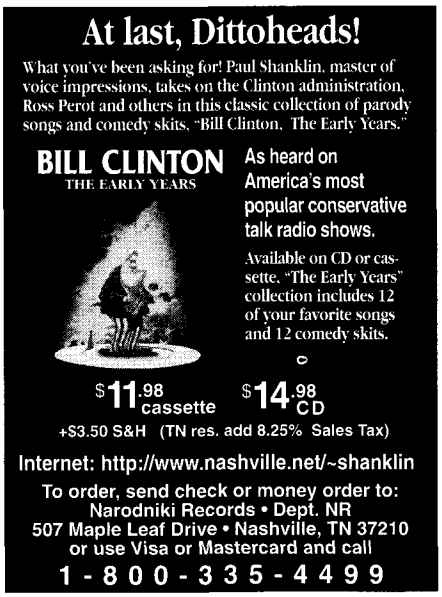

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BOOK BRIEFS

(Continued from page 69)

dom quantitative and which nowhere seems even mildly skeptical of claims made by the academic grant-gatherers endeavoring to demonstrate that "emotional intelligence" really can be taught. Goleman nowhere squarely defines that term or suggests any way of measuring it. The subject raises fascinating, politically incorrect questions, e.g.: Are differences in emotional intelligence mainly genetic or environmental? But Goleman shows no interest in these. The book is in some measure an argument for teaching emotional intelligence in the schools—obviously a hard sell in a world where parents are already dismayed at their kids' non-mastery of mere academic subjects. Mr. Goleman notes that "emotional-literacy programs improve children's academic performance." You might think he would provide some critical evaluation of this claim, but no. You are pointed only to an appendix where several such claims are repeated by the grant-gatherers themselves. —Daniel Seligman

The Origins of Satan, by Elaine Pagels (Random House, 203 pp., $23)

DON'T read this book on public transportation. This is not, as many of my fellow passengers seemed to think, a manual for aspiring Satanists. Rather, it is an engaging account of Satan's evolution from his origin in the Hebrew Bible as a member of God's Heavenly Court through his development in the Christian Gospels into an adversary with powers nearly matching God's. Elaine Pagels draws on interesting sources from outside the Greek Bible to paint her picture of early Christianity's struggles for acceptance. Her close analysis of the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John demonstrates a growing tendency to identify threatening social and political groups as agents of Satan. Professor Pagels invites her readers to consider the similarities between this ancient phenomenon and modern-day perceptions of the Other. She points out the tension between the human view that "otherness" is evil and the view of Jesus that reconciliation is divine. But after the subtlety of her analysis of ancient Christian society, this pat commentary on our own situation falls flat.

—Michele Dorph Sullum

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 P	2 E		3 a	4 L	5 B	6 F		7 A		8 R	9 N	10 X	11 G	12 M		13 J	14 T		15 Q	16 G	17 O	18 P	19 Y
20 V		21 S	22 R		23 Z	24 C		25 N	26 Q		27 U	28 a		29 X	30 I	31 S	32 b	33 X	34 O	35 Z	36 N		37 K
38 W	39 B	40 V	41 A	42 D		43 X	44 Q	45 K		46 W	47 a	48 Z	49 B		50 O	51 I		52 P		53 S	54 Y	55 b	56 R
57 Q	58 V		59 A	60 X	61 C	62 Z		63 G	64 I	65 E	66 B	67 U	68 Y		69 W	70 S	71 Y	72 A	73 B	74 R	75 J	76 S	77 L
	78 X	79 W	80 N		81 b	82 Z	83 T	84 S	85 P	86 L	87 D	88 Q	89 O	90 H	91 Z	92 G		93 K	94 P	95 B	96 A	97 b	98 E
99 I	100D	101F		102O	103Q		104Y	105T	106U	107R	108G	109W	110X	111E	112J	113G	114M		115I	116Y	117X		118O
119R	120Q	121Z		122J	123T	124S		125G	126A	127X	128W	129a		130O	131M	132b	133Q	134F	135R	136X	137T	138C	139Z
140S		141X	142G		143S	144K	145J	146F	147C	148A	149O	150I		151W	152V	153N		154D	155R	156M		157L	158T
	159E	160B	161R	162X	163C	164H	165W		166D	167K	168A		169V	170Z		171R	172T	173X	174G	175B	176H	177N	178E
	179D	180F	181I		182Q	183G	184A	185U	186E	187Z	188W		189H	190R	191T		192X	193Y	194A	195G	196I	197K	198D
199b	200X		201Q	202N		203C	204V	205K	206W	207L	208O	209R	210S	211Q	212Z								

A. Stormy 1960s undergrounders — 59 41 7 96 148 194 126 168 72 184

B. Bitter invective — 95 5 73 175 160 66 39 49

C. Such as Larry, Curly, or Moe — 24 61 138 163 147 203

D. He built a wall to keep Scots out — 166 154 100 42 87 179 198

E. Someone on your guest list — 186 2 65 159 98 111 178

F. Whinny — 180 101 146 134 6

G. Decline, fall apart (4 words, colloq.) — 113 183 174 142 11 16 92 63 108 125 195

H. Glacier lake — 189 90 164 176

I. Wily Ithacan king — 115 181 150 196 30 64 99 51

J. The original homeless man — 75 13 145 122 112

K. Such as Miles Standish — 205 197 144 93 45 167 37

L. Pronounce, emit — 4 86 157 77 207

M. Venerable English Church historian (673–735) — 131 114 156 12

N. English labor radical (early 1800s) — 36 177 80 153 25 9 202

O. The sincerest form of flattery — 34 118 208 149 50 102 17 130 89

P. Scottish mound — 85 52 1 94 18

Q. City hall (2 words) — 15 103 201 120 211 88 44 26 182 133 57

R. "Crass casualty, dicing Time, and purblind Doomsters" — 190 119 56 161 209 155 8 22 135 107 171 74

S. Addenda — 143 31 53 70 210 124 21 76 84 140

T. What Tom Foley now has, courtesy of 94 voters (2 words) — 123 172 158 14 83 137 105 191

U. The Koranic alphabet developed here — 106 67 185 27

V. Church caretaker, bellringer — 20 58 204 169 152 40

W. Park ranger (2 words) — 151 128 188 165 109 38 69 46 206 79

X. Lord North's answer to the Boston Tea Party (2 words) — 60 173 136 43 110 29 117 10 192 162 127 78 33 141 200

Y. St. Jerome's Bible — 71 116 193 19 104 68 54

Z. Whither the battle-eager yearn to plunge (3 words) — 23 139 48 170 91 62 212 82 187 35 121

a. General McAuliffe's reply to German surrender demand — 28 47 129 3

b. Gatekeeper common to hockey and soccer — 199 55 81 132 97 32

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. A. LINCOLN to HENRY L. PIERCE: "This is a world of compensation; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it."

We regret an error on the November 6 puzzle clue: the first 76 of clue "G" should read 78.
Also, the title was omitted from the solution to the October 23 puzzle; it was *The Good Sense of the People.*

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

The UN at 50

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24

Fifty years of the United Nations certainly does not bring on undifferentiated congratulations. The world organization received a jump start on hypocrisy when, in San Francisco, on a motion that Sweden, Switzerland, and Ireland be admitted, the ruling was negative, on the grounds that they were not "peace-loving nations." They were three countries that had not gone to war. But the term "peace-loving" had already got into the hands of the wordsmiths who gave us the "Democratic Republic of Germany," which was Soviet-speak for undemocratic unrepublican East Germany.

In the Security Council we had from the outset the Soviet Union as a permanent member with veto rights, and then China, with the same rights. And in the General Assembly, with spooky consistency the Third World powers voted against Western measures, in line with Soviet measures. When in 1960 Fidel Castro, freshly arrived in power, visited the UN, he was hailed as a hero. In 1979, after he had clearly established himself as a ruler as tyrannical as those who presided over North Korea and Albania, he visited the United Nations again; and, again, was treated as a hero by the majority of its members.

On Sunday, President Clinton opened the celebratory proceedings by giving a moderate speech about this and that. Later in the day, Castro spoke—the usual tirade against Western conventions, larded with the usual declamations in favor of self-government everywhere except in Cuba—and got an ovation. Much heavier applause than that given to the President of the host country, our old friend, the superpower, Uncle Sam.

We pause to note that one reason for the anti-U.S. fever within the UN these days is our failure to pay our debt to the UN. When the organization was founded, President Truman accepted an imposition on the U.S. of 40 per cent of the UN's budget. In the immediate postwar world that was not an unreasonable allocation, given that we were at the time generating about 50 per cent of the world's production. In 1972 we reduced our share to 25 per cent, in line with the reviving economic fortunes of other countries. But in 1982 we began to stall on our payments, in part because we thought the allocations for peace-keeping expenses were rigged against us, in part because the relevant committees in Congress found it tempting to economize at the expense of an organization not all that popular back home.

But the result of it is a very considerable embarrassment. If the State Department believes we are unfairly burdened, then that case should be made. But to make it by simply refusing to pay is to act the deadbeat. We are not alone in lateness in paying our share, but we are the major offender and certainly the most conspicuous. It would be nice to hear from the presidential candidates that they don't go for cheating on obligations, whether to the American Express Company or to the United Nations.

The pointed objective of Fidel Castro this time around is to generate pressure to repeal the U.S. embargo. It is nice to see the tatterdemalion prince of universal prosperity through Marxism begging U.S. business to come on down and give him a hand. And on the merits of the argument, there is every reason to restore relations with Cuba given that it is no longer a salient of a global power seeking the overthrow of the United States. We would need to swallow our pride, but then that is healthy: we did not succeed in bringing Castro down, and it is not dignified to salve our bad consciences by continuing policies appropriate only during the Cold War. We are trading with Vietnam and China, and we never really broke off from trading with the Soviet Union, so why Castro?

He made his demonstration at the UN, and sharply, and sadly, reminded us all that if the division within the UN were once again suddenly to return to Communist superpower challenging Western superpower, we'd almost certainly find ourselves face to face with the old lineup. About 80 per cent anti-American. The old juices run strong, anti-, and jealous of, success; there are memories mired in anti-colonialist slogans, and then, too, some defensible skepticism over U.S. leadership.

But the UN is with us. We should pay our debt, ignore most of its pieties, and make policy as we have always made it, soliciting UN sanction but quite prepared, when necessary, to ignore it. □

"Whew! That was close!"

New York Live

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27

New York City early in the week was just the place to sharpen up on political and social protocol, Messrs. Giuliani and Rangel acting as dancing masters. The headlines went to the mayor, who sent two bouncers to Lincoln Center to escort Yasir Arafat out of the theater. This was done, apparently, even though the Palestinian delegation had received three tickets for the concert organized by the mayor for his international diplomats. The ouster was hailed by Mr. Giuliani's most intimate associates, condemned by everyone else, the State Department apoplectic in the matter. Mr. Giuliani's point was that as a prosecutor years ago he had handled, or been given to study, instances of terrorism done by Arafat and his organization. He would not, he declared to the press, serve as gracious host to anyone who had engaged in terrorism.

That position can empty the house, of course. The former prime minister of Israel, Menachem Begin, not only participated in terrorist activity, he headed up Irgun, a terrorist organization. Nelson Mandela, even in jail, headed up an organization that proudly and defiantly exercised and defended terrorism. But if Mayor Giuliani had led President Mandela from the floor, he'd have provoked the black community, and maybe even would have violated one of the civil-rights laws. President Jiang Zemin of China is not too old to

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have participated in the Cultural Revolution, sustained by acts of state terrorism designed to tranquilize inquisitive children. And of course we had Castro.

Castro is a continuing phenomenon. After his opening speech at the UN he donned his battle fatigues and went up to Harlem, where he was treated as O.J. would have been if he had killed two women, not just one. Representative Charlie Rangel gave and got a bear hug, a significant emotional advancement for a man who only a few years ago railed against any commerce, diplomatic or material, with South Africa.

The curious were entitled to wonder exactly why. Why should Democratic diehard Charles Rangel be enthusiastic about the accomplishments of Fidel Castro? To begin with, there are no accomplishments save for full employment for prison guards and executioners. The only significant accomplishment of Fidel Castro is to have kept himself alive, given that there are at least a million Cubans who would gladly pull the trap on any scaffold on which Fidel Castro was poised. And staying alive was a considerable achievement, given that the United States' Operation Mongoose made several attempts to assassinate him, including one that dispatched for his use a scuba-diving suit that after a few minutes would transform itself into a host of piranhas; and, on another occasion, a superb cigar, except that it was designed to explode after two or three draws. On this matter, Fidel had himself a good laugh, when he told his audience in Harlem that he was not participating in State Department ceremonies because he didn't want to "interfere in this country's foreign affairs."

Castro was received at the Council on Foreign Relations, which is okay given that the CFR flat-out invites any state leader, no questions asked, to its chambers to discuss that leader's line. And then also Castro dined privately with twenty establishment figures. Among them was Robert McNamara, defense secretary at the time Castro was receiving nuclear missiles aimed at the United States. We must suppose that Secretary McNamara apologized for acting so peremptorily back in 1962 when he demanded the withdrawal of the missiles. We like to think that Castro was big about it and forgave McNamara.

He was after all in an expansive mood, boasting that there were more doctors per capita in Cuba than in the United States and offering to send to America a few doctors to look after Americans in need. We were reminded of Eva Perón, who in 1949 offered straightfacedly to send clothes for the underclad children in Washington. . . . And all the while New Yorkers thought that the burlesque was on Broadway. □

Should There Be a Law?

NEW YORK. OCTOBER 13

This is an exploratory column, its purpose to encourage thought on a question that badly needs thinking about.

The Problem: The birth every year of one million babies to unwed mothers.

The Consequence: One million children who, on reaching the age of 13, tend to run into difficulties. The statistics tell us that the child raised by a single parent is likelier by a factor of 600 per cent to commit crimes, consume drugs, quit school, and bear, or sire, children out of wedlock. Assume—if only to be hopeful—that the problems diminish after age 19, we are still left with six million teenagers who are a heavy social burden, as also, of course, a burden to themselves.

A Social Deterrent? Since manifestly it is against the interest of society, for reasons moral and material, to encourage the birth of babies to unwed mothers, what might be done to discourage the practice? Only one serious suggestion has been made, and at book length, by Mr. Charles Murray. He believes that welfare payments to unwed mothers serve as inducements and therefore that to eliminate that miscarriage of charity would significantly reduce illegitimacy (which is up, in the last thirty years, from 5 per cent to 18 per cent among whites, from 25 per cent to 63 per cent among blacks). We have seen that Congress has played around with this question, and that the proposal is well on its way to limit payments to two illegitimate births. This approach hardly addresses the problem with appropriate sternness. Among other things, we all know that if the third child were sick or starving, we'd look after it. The effort should focus on preventing the procreative act, rather than on mistreating the child.

A Civil Delinquency? As things now stand, the father (or mother) of a child born out of wedlock runs into no civil resistance of any sort. As far as the law is concerned, it is safer to have a bastard child than to double-park. A couple of years ago Bill Moyers did a documentary on the culture of wanton sex and found himself speaking to a young black stud, about twenty years old if memory serves, who proudly acknowledged fatherhood of three children by three different girls/women, and gaily announced his intention of pursuing his bluebirdism, since he found it amusing. All that Mr. Moyers was able to manage was a gentle sigh for the pieties of yesteryear, which will get you exactly nothing from the people we are talking about.

Are There Other Deterrents? Well yes, there are. To list some such is not necessarily to recommend them. But just as the Pentagon undoubtedly has a file on how to invade Switzerland, here is one on some of the deterrents that might be given a little thought.

—Deny a driving license to the parents for five years. (This side of imprisonment and death by hanging, this is the deepest known deprivation in the American culture.)

—Require the father to perform ten hours of appropriate work every week on whatever project makes sense.

—Require the father to spend three evenings every week sequestered. Including Saturday night.

—Do a vasectomy on the man. A Norplant on the girl.

Now these approaches raise problems, to put it lightly. There is, to begin with, the problem of locating the father. This accomplished, some proceeding or another would need to address the question whether, when the sexual union was done, the parties had agreed somewhere along the line to get married. In Sweden, about one-half the babies are conceived pre-marriage, but 90 per cent are born to two parents living together. How do you handle the situation: "Henry said he loved me and we'd be married just as soon as he finished high school"?

Is there a constitutional problem? Suppose that Henry says that without a driver's license he will be fired, because he earns his money delivering newspapers? Can the physical detention of the father be done without a judicial proceeding? Are there at hand convenient ways of absolutely identifying the father by DNA? Are vasectomies and Norplants acceptable, under such circumstances, in moral theology?

All these are designed as open questions, to flush out thought. Although commentary can't be acknowledged, I'd welcome having it, directed to me here at NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

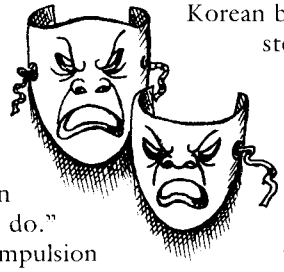
FLORENCE KING

THE O.J. verdict and the Pope's visit should not have anything in common, but they do. As throngs cheered John Paul II, a poll found a majority of American Catholics favored "the dictates of their own consciences" over Catholic doctrine.

The Simpson jurors, encouraged by their own Pope John, ignored the evidence and followed the dictates of their own consciences.

The rogue conscience is a uniquely American development, as we can see by the characteristic oxymoronic twist of the words themselves. Take two words that do not go together (e.g., diversity/strength) and put them together anyway, and you will get something that is tearing us apart.

The rogue conscience was an idea whose time had come before most Americans even got here. The country was settled by people who made a fetish of "individual conscience" and pioneered by people who made a fetish of staring grimly off into the distance and intoning, "A man has to do what he has to do." Conscience as open-ended compulsion took root, becoming the wellspring of inspiration and energy for our most tumultuous social causes. Abolition and Prohibition were about conscience; slaves and drunks were the "what."



The 1960s were the golden age of the rogue conscience. The civil-rights movement turned the white conscience into the eighth wonder of the world, a marble colossus that loomed over cocktail parties and transformed swizzle sticks into tridents of the heart.

Draft dodgers gave us the cafeteria conscience, picking and choosing their ethics carefully as befits those with weak stomachs. The conscience du jour was the fruit of the grape and lettuce boycotts. Then feminists replaced conscience with consciousness and diddled it in "consciousness raising" sessions, a group effort in which the search for truth became simply a matter of listening for "clicks" in one's head.

The machinations of the Sixties softened us up for the next faddish distortion of conscience, one that would make Hester Prynne turn to Hamlet and say, "They've got to be kidding." It was the pseudo-conscience of sensitivity, which has made cowards of us all.

It was a foregone conclusion that Lance Ito had to be the judge on the Simpson case. They could not give it to a white judge because blacks would get mad; they could not give it to a black judge because whites would get mad; and they could not give it to an Hispanic because Hispanics are either white or black—unless they're brown, in which case everyone would get mad. What was left but an Asian? And not just any Asian. It could not be a Korean because they own too many stores; nor could it be a Chinese or Vietnamese, both synonyms for valedictorian. Ito, whose parents had been sent to a Japanese internment camp, was a twofer for the ages: an Asian victim.

Once Ito was on the case the problem of his wife came up. There was a time when "The judge's wife is a cop" would have been the punch line of a dirty joke. But Ito's wife really is a cop, and the feminist consciousness on which we are impaled made it impossible to fire her after she married a judge. We used to prohibit married couples from working for the same firm out of a prudent distrust of human weakness and a wariness about emotionalism on the job. But now we tell them, "It's between you and your conscience"—hence the outlandish spectacle of Ito examining his conscience from the bench.

Americans talk about our consciences the way Frenchmen talk about their livers, but at least they know what a liver looks like. We must reify our obsession.

"To reify" means to regard as concrete and material that which is not. The vitamin has been reified; a chemical intangible originally defined as a unit of nutritive value, it is now a pill and thus "real": I swallow it, therefore it is. Most reification consists of cartoonish mental pictures of things like the calorie and the kilowatt. Freudian terms are especially easy to reify; we imagine the "id" as a grinning demon and the "ego" as a large fragile bubble.

WHAT does our rogue conscience look like? I see it as a glistening silvery cloud, about the same size as the dark green cloud in foot-odor commercials, rising out of our brows. Two hundred and fifty million American puffs of amorphous adjudication; making a difference, sending a message, separating the message from the messenger, and skywriting "Everybody's gotta right to be Sir Thomas More for 15 minutes."

The rogue conscience has made all too many people lose sight of what real conscience is.

Conscience is the transmission system that enables us to shift into empathy. The reaction to the Simpson verdict reached a nadir at a mostly black cosmetology school in my town. Our local paper, after describing the taunting, flaunting, and high-fiving, recorded something even worse: "Others made fun of the sad look on prosecutor Marcia Clark's face or mocked what victim Ronald Goldman's father was going to say next."

Conscience is what makes us conscientious. We haven't heard that word much lately; it's been replaced by "meticulous," which is not quite the same thing. A compulsive picture-straightener is meticulous; conscientiousness corrects more important irregularities.

In 1977, as I watched the scene in *Roots* in which Kizzy is punished for learning to read, I experienced a rare burst of idealism, visualizing millions of black youngsters taking a solemn oath: "I vow to become the best reader in America, to honor my ancestors who were forbidden to learn." I was sure it would happen—how could it not, when the obligation was so clear?

Now, a word to Catholics who would follow the dictates of their consciences instead of the dictates of the Vatican.

Congratulations, you're Protestant. Practice your singing, and remember to say "gambling" when the pollster asks you which sin you hate the most. □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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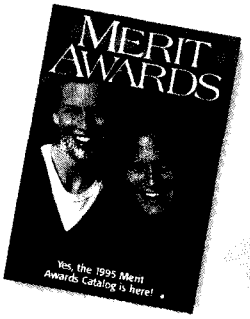

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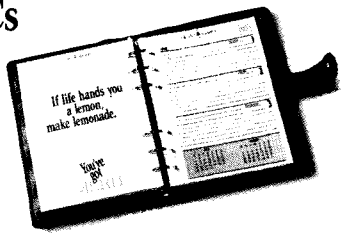

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